YANK

THE ARMY

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By the men . . . for the men in the service

DINING OUT IN FRANCE

Story of a GI Who Fought as an Italian Partisan

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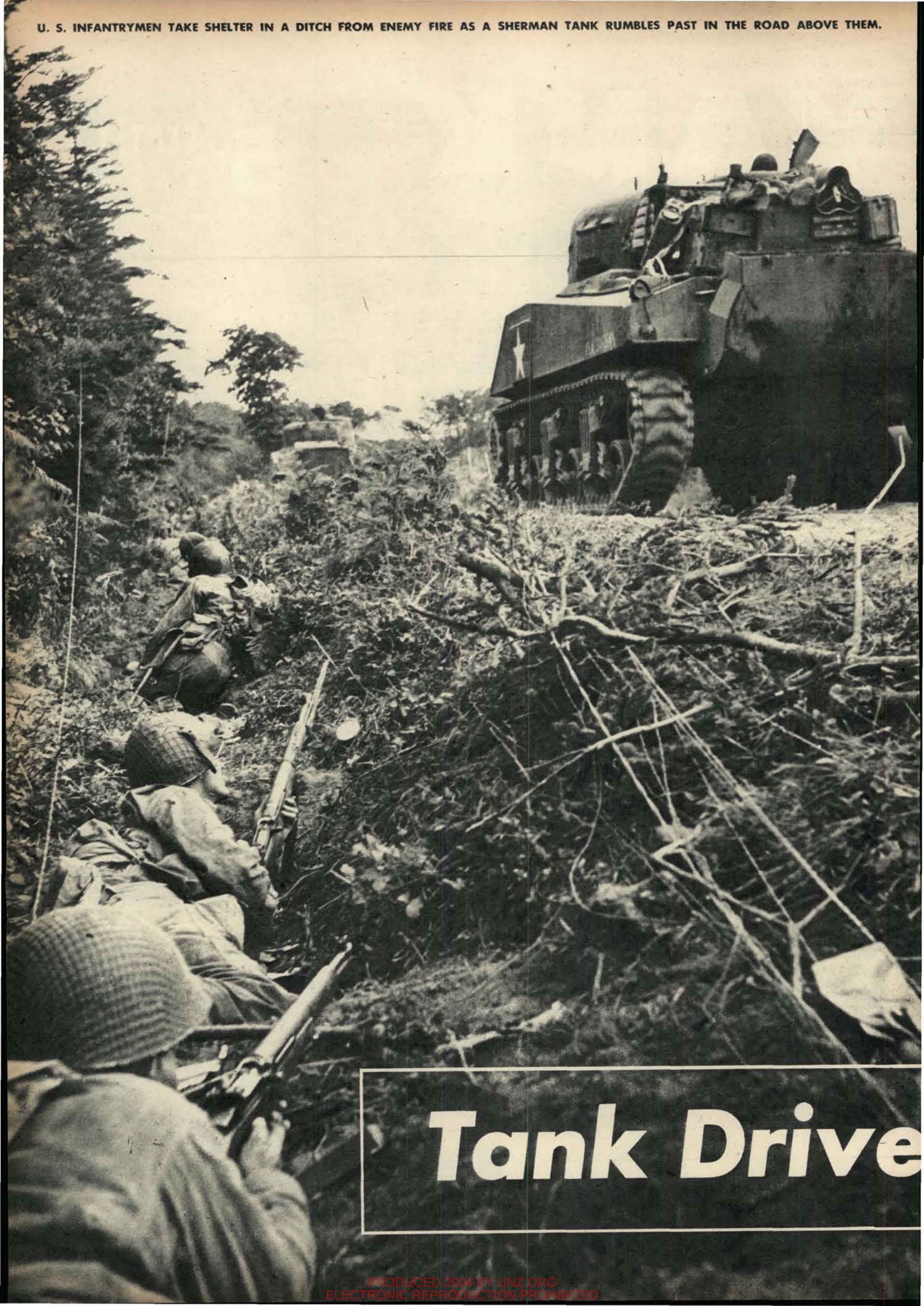
U. S. INFANTRYMEN TAKE SHELTER IN A DITCH FROM ENEMY FIRE AS A SHERMAN TANK RUMBLES PAST IN THE ROAD ABOVE THEM.



Tank Drive

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The battalion was weary but it slugged one of the holes in the German lines that opened up the way for the push into Brittany.

By Sgt. WALTER PETERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE 2D ARMORED DIVISION IN FRANCE [By Cable]—It was the morning of the beginning of the biggest drive since the Allies had invaded the shores of Normandy. The immediate objective of Combat Command A was to advance and capture certain key heights. Nobody dreamed our tanks would be sweeping across Brittany and through the streets of Brest 10 days later.

Four men were sitting in a half-track that served as the CP for the battalion commanded by Lt. Col. Amzi R. Quillian. The battalion had made an all-night trek from the bivouac area far to the rear, up to the present position before the jump-off line on the St. Lo-Periers road. The faces of the men were brown with dust, their eyes bloodshot from lack of sleep. Dirt clung heavily to their eyebrows and eyelashes.

One of the men looked at his watch. "1040," he drawled. The drive had begun at 0900 hours. Our medium and light tanks, led by Col. Quillian, were far up front, and the men in the combat-command half-track were awaiting word.

At last the word came over the radio. The colonel's voice was calm and serious. "We've made contact with the enemy and have taken a few prisoners," he reported.

"You've waited a long time," another voice replied. "Get in there. Get punching. Get hitting."

"That's the general, all right," said Pfc. Jack Giels of Cleveland, Ohio. "He's a bug on slogans."

"We're moving ahead," another voice said on the air. Our long column of jeeps, supply vehicles and ambulances as well as half-tracks began to wobble through breaks in the hedges and over orchard paths that had been cut up by the tanks up ahead.

We were cutting right through the enemy lines. On either side of us were reserve tanks and infantrymen riding in trucks driven by Negro soldiers of a QM truck battalion. The tanks charged to the front through hedges that they sprayed with machine-gun fire. When the tanks were held up by enemy pockets, the infantrymen jumped off to mop them up.

The CP radio was busy with conversation. "I am held up at a sunken road 50 yards south of Phaseline Orange," Col. Quillian reported. The whole column stopped.

The colonel kept on talking. "Doing everything I can to get across. Using bulldozers."

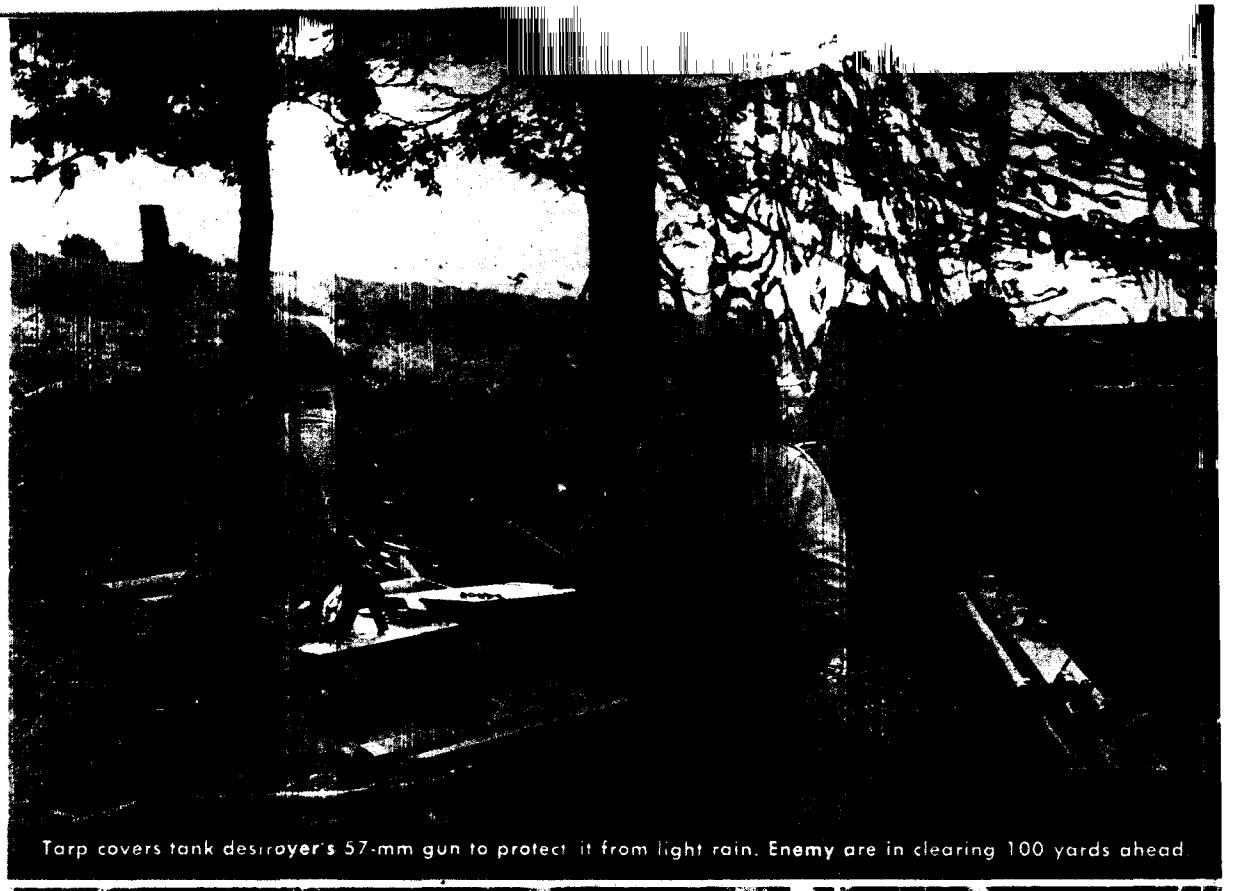
"Fine, fine," replied another voice, obviously the general's. "You can have anything I've got. Let's get slugging into them."

While the column was stopped, the mortar-platoon sergeant came to the half-track and asked if anybody had an extra helmet. A sniper's bullet had gone right through the top of his, making it unserviceable.

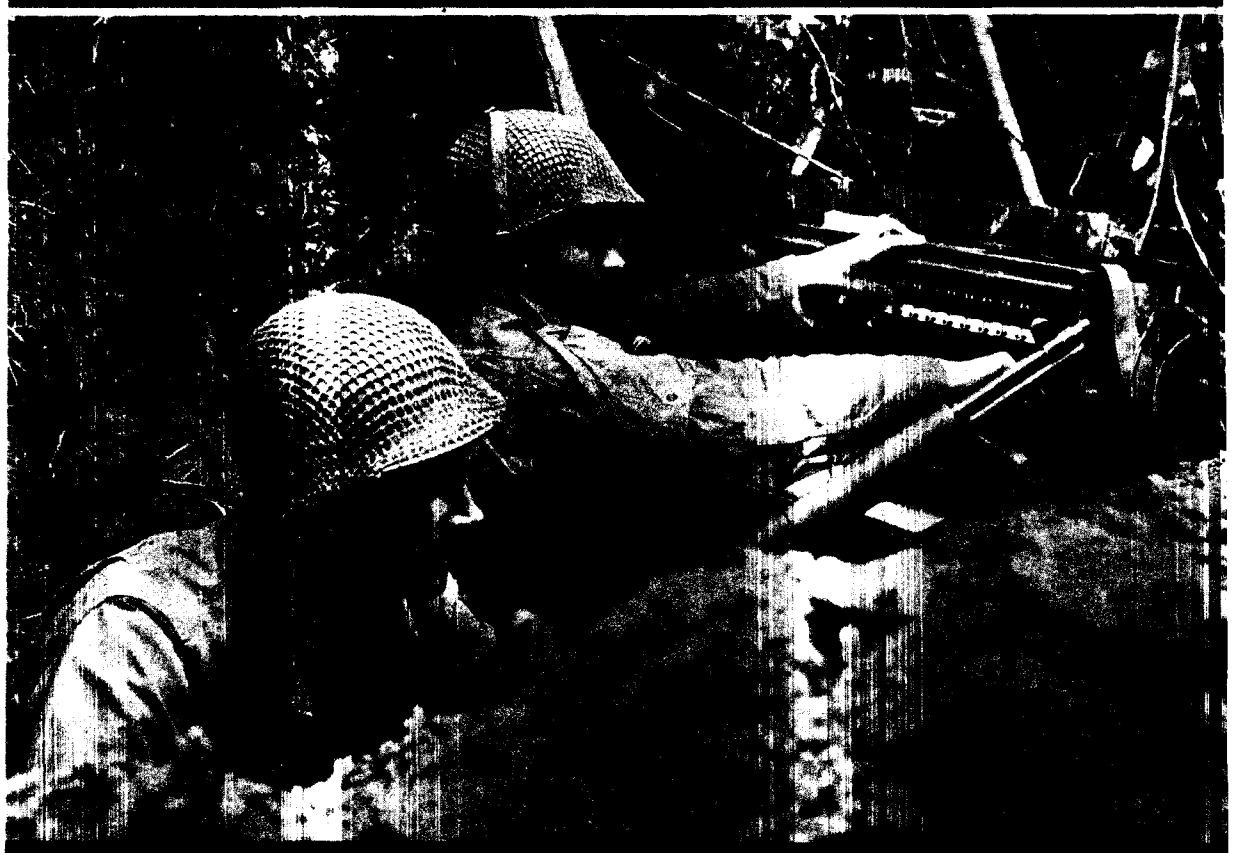
"Maybe the medics have one," Giels said. The sergeant walked back to the medic half-track to see.

The tanks got over the sunken road and we moved on again. For more than a mile, the terrain resembled freshly plowed farmland. Everywhere the earth had been blasted by heavy artillery shells hurled into it early that morning. There were huge craters in the earth, too, from bombs that our planes had dropped the day before. There were also burning German tanks, destroyed by the tanks ahead of us.

"It would cost Hollywood a cool 10 million to



Tarp covers tank destroyer's 57-mm gun to protect it from light rain. Enemy are in clearing 100 yards ahead



This fancy front-line switchboard is nerve center of communication for dug-in combat infantrymen in France

Slumped in his form-fitting foxhole, a weary infantryman snatches brief respite from the Battle of France

in France

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American infantrymen, unshaven but alert, rest with their supplies along the roadway in a combat zone.

shoot a scene like this," one of the soldiers said. The whole area trembled from the fire of our artillery. Overhead the sky was full of "grasshoppers" (artillery spotter planes) directing the shellfire. Lying all over the orchards and on the roads between them were dead cows and horses —so many you no longer paid much attention.

At one point there were about 25 young pigs running back and forth, frightened and squealing. A soldier jumped out of a jeep and took one in his arms: "You'll be okay, little piggy," the soldier said, stroking its back. "You'll be all right. It's just those Heinie swine we're after."

One of the men picked up a German songbook. "This is the song of the *Panzers*," he said. "It says there that when this war is over and the Germans all get back to the Fatherland, they're going to raise kids to be *Panzers* like their daddies."

At about 1500 hours we got on the north road leading into a town. Then the column halted again. The enemy was lobbing mortars and 75- and 88-mm shells into the road. Twenty-five yards behind us, a half-track belonging to the heavy-weapons platoon was hit. Three men were killed and a couple of others were wounded.

In the field to our right were a number of M10s. Mortar shells were falling all around and the men with the M10s buried their faces in the earth. One of the shells landed directly on a trailer attached to an M10. Huge flames began to spout from the vehicle. Then the M10 crew ran toward the trailer and began to unload it.

"There's ammunition in that trailer," the man in the jeep behind us yelled. The crew kept on unloading. The fire was beyond control and the rear of the M10 became enveloped in flames.

One of the men took a fire extinguisher and doused another man—a Sgt. Thomas Green—who ran through the blaze and disconnected the trailer from the M10. Then a third man drove the M10 away safely. Suddenly there was a terrific explosion and ammunition began popping.

The medic jeep drove by and the man behind the wheel jumped out and ran toward the trailer. Then there was another explosion, and I didn't see the medic again. Two minutes later I learned he had been caught in the explosion; both his legs were blown off and his body was hurled onto the M10.

The column started rolling along the road to the town. About 300 yards farther on we were forced to stop again. Enemy mortars were still firing from somewhere up ahead. Everyone took cover alongside the road as best he could. Then the firing subsided, and we got back into the vehicles and went forward again.

Three men were walking toward us. One of them was crying. He'd lost a buddy only a few minutes before. His body was shaking and he was being helped along by a wounded man and another soldier who appeared to be okay.

When the column stopped again, a sergeant walked over to his lieutenant and said: "I think we lost Morte." The lieutenant called over to 1st Sgt. William Trinen of Letcher, S. Dak.: "I'd like you to go over and make sure the body belongs to Morte." Trinen said: "Yessir."

A few minutes later our half-track pulled into the orchard and the men stretched out on the grass to get some rest. After a while the top kick came back. He didn't say anything for a few seconds. Then he looked at Giels and T/Sgt. Russell E. Sands of Warren, Minn.

"His scalp was ripped wide open," the first sergeant said slowly. "He didn't have a chance."

There was a long pause. None of the men said anything. "He wasn't even 20 and he didn't give a damn about anything," the first sergeant said. "He was such a clean-cut kid, too." Then there was silence again for a moment.

"There ain't any of them boys bad when they're dead," said Sgt. Sands. Giels looked up. "No," he said. "Nobody's got a bad heart when he's dead." The first sergeant walked away.

WORD came to us that the most advanced tanks were already passing through the town. I hitched a ride in an ambulance half-track that was going there to pick up the wounded.

The road was jammed with our tanks, rolling into town. The dust was so thick you couldn't see more than 20 feet ahead. Infantrymen on the tanks held their hands over their eyes to keep out the dust. The hot sun beat down on their backs and their clothing was damp with sweat. Gullies beside the road were filled with burning and smoking German tanks and vehicles.

The town itself was like the inside of a furnace. Everything that wasn't stone was on fire, and smoke choked our throats; the heat made it almost impossible to go ahead. When we reached the other end of town, the ambulance stopped.

Here we found an American soldier who, although wounded himself, was giving water from his canteen to a man whose right heel had been cut off squarely by shell fragments and whose chest and face were also bleeding.

Lying beside the road were three other Americans who appeared to be dead. Cpl. Carl Lindberry of Chicago, Ill., surgical technician on the ambulance, felt the pulse of the first man. "There's still a slight beat in him," Lindberry said. "Let's take him in first."

Pfc. Willis Wacker of Denhoff, N. Dak., and Pvt. Robert Jee of Danville, Va., the aid men, unfolded the blanket on a stretcher and placed the man on it. Lindberry walked over to the second man, felt his pulse and shook his head.

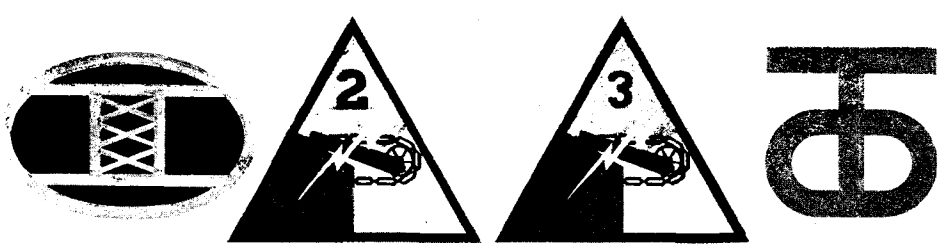
The third man was lying on his back, his mouth wide open and the teeth protruding. His skin was the color of death. Beside him lay a little dog, a deep cut across its head and its bowels splattered over the ground. Lindberry felt the man's pulse. "There's still a chance," he said.

Next the man with the cut heel was lifted into the ambulance and then the soldier who had given him water walked to it unaided.

I got back to the OP just as word came over the radio from the forward tankers that there was only enough gas left for three more hours.

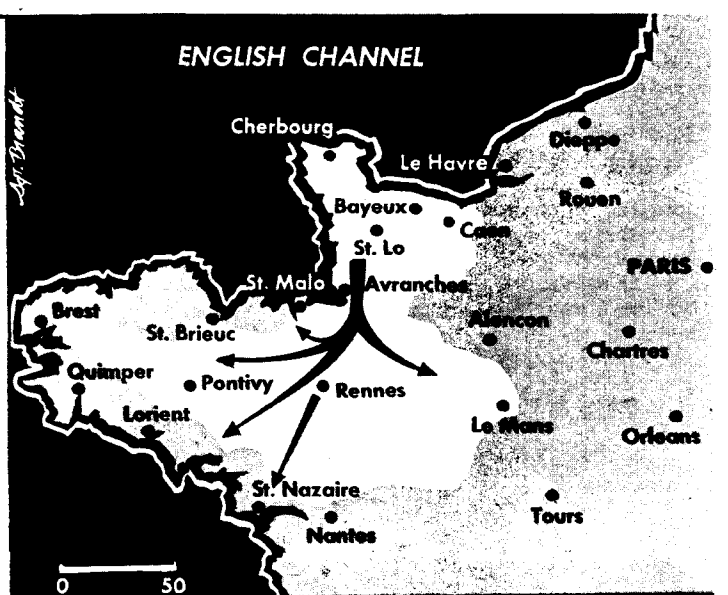
"Keep on slugging," the general's voice said. The tanks did, and at about 2200 hours Col. Quillian's battalion reached its objective.

THESE DIVISIONS ARE WITH THE FIRST ARMY IN FRANCE



30th Division *2d Armored Division* *3d Armored Division* *90th Division*

SINCE D Day, Supreme Allied Headquarters has announced the identity of 11 of the divisions in Lt. Gen. Omar N. Bradley's U. S. First Army. Early in the Normandy campaign, it revealed the presence in the front lines of the 101st and 82d Airborne Divisions, the 1st, 2d, 4th, 29th, 9th and 79th Divisions. More recently it has announced four more U. S. divisions: the 2d and 3d Armored Divisions and the 30th and 90th Divisions, whose insignia are shown above. The 2d Armored, which was the old outfit of Lt. Gen. George S. Patton Jr., did most of its early training at Fort Benning, Ga., and the 3d Armored spent its time in the States at Camp Polk, La., and at the Desert Training Center, Camp Young, Calif. The 30th is a National Guard division, originally from Fort Jackson, S. C., with units from Tennessee, Georgia and North and South Carolina. The 90th or "Alamo" Division, whose "T" and "O" insignia represents its Texas and Oklahoma soldiers of the first World War, was reactivated at Camp Barkeley, Tex., in March 1942.



Tanks opened the big offensive that carried our forces out of Normandy and across to Brest and other major Brittany ports. The next objective was Paris itself.

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PFC. ALEXANDER R. IRVINE of New York [illegible] shown relaying directions to his battery, [illegible] originally from Scotland. Speaking of his sensation on becoming a citizen of the United States Pfc. Irvine said: "Somehow it feels like I walked through an invisible gate and really entered God's country."

PVT. PATRICK J. HUGHES of Philadelphia, Pa., takes the oath from Daniel E. McGrath, U. S. district attorney. Hughes said: "In Ireland, I looked forward to America and becoming a citizen. Now that I am, it seems too good to be true."

HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE AN AMERICAN, SOLDIER?

These eight GIs serving in Panama have recently become U. S. citizens. So far 274 servicemen of 33 different nationalities have been naturalized in the Panama Canal Department.

PVT. NORMAN GOLDENBERG of Rye, N. Y., was born in Manchuria of Russian parentage. Now an attendant in a GI supply room, Pvt. Goldenberg said: "The feeling I got was this—I felt though I lived in the States I wasn't part of things. But the minute I became a citizen, I felt a real American."

PVT. MATTHEW P. FIORITI of Spring Valley, N. Y., caught keeping abreast of news from the battlefront in his native land, Italy, said: "It feels swell. Since becoming a citizen, I feel more part of America. It's a great nation and I hope in my own way to help preserve the American way of life."

PVT. JOSEPH PUKANCIK of the Bronx, N. Y., came from Czechoslovakia in 1938. "Most of the fellows I serve with in the Army have pin-ups of showgirls," said Pukancik. "Give me the Statue of Liberty. I've found out what she stands for since America opened up a new way of life for me."

CPL. NICKOLAS E. POULOS of Wilkinsburg, Pa., was born in a small town near Athens, Greece. Now a slum-burner in a CA outfit, Poulos said: "I'm proud. I like the American way of life and am glad to serve with the American Army. And I'm going to try to be a citizen my new country can be proud of."

CPL. CHARLES KELLMAN of Brooklyn, N. Y., came from Odessa, Russia. His brother in the Red Army saw action on the Stalingrad front. "I always felt strange before, just a foreigner in an American uniform," Kellman said, "but now I'm like every one of you. It feels good to be an American GI."

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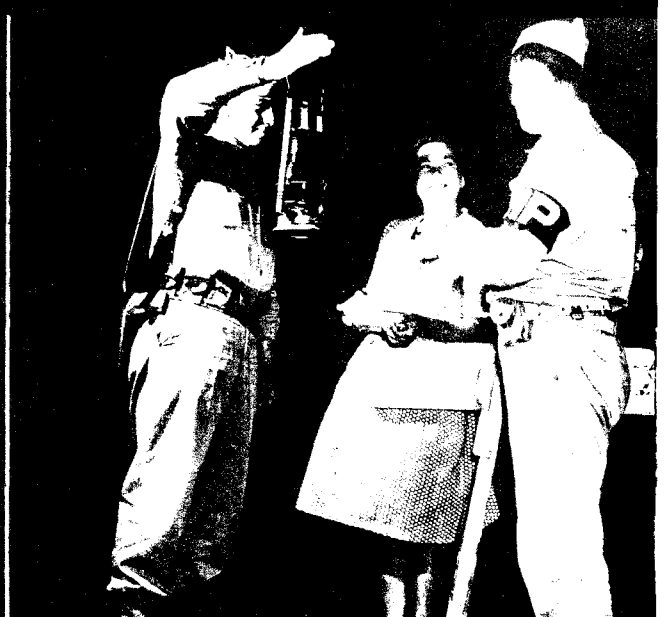
Sgt. Nat Rosenzweig polishes up the Presidential seal, which he copied from a school dictionary. The decorated, renovated de luxe model jeep was ready, willing and able, but the President stuck to a sedan.

Mitsuru Furuya, American of Jap descent, holds his little son Lincoln to watch the President pass by



Guards examine Mrs. Nalani Kekaula's pass as she returns to her home near the Presidential area

A GI VIEW OF THE Hawaii Conference

When the President met with his Army and Navy Pacific chiefs, it meant plenty of spit and polish for the GIs, sailors and marines.

By Sgt. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Correspondent

HONOLULU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS—To most of the world, the meeting of President Roosevelt, Gen. Douglas MacArthur and Adm. Chester Nimitz in this American city in the Mid-Pacific was a conference of high military strategy, second to none in this war. But to Pfc. August Foree of St. Louis, Mo., and a large number of other marines from the Pearl Harbor barracks, it was three solid days of spit-polishing.

Foree and the others had the job of protecting the President during his stay. The President lived in an estate on Waikiki Beach that has been serving as a Navy flyers' rest house, and the marines were quartered next door at "The Breakers," now a Navy recreation building.

Foree's post was the sea wall out in front of the President's house. Hidden behind a palm, he was not very conspicuous to the President and the visitors, but his bayonet was always ready.

Each guard was on duty four hours and off duty 20 hours. But as Sgt. Leo Morriss, a Marine field cook, put it: "They worked four on, and 18 off shining their gear. They shined their rifle stocks with linseed oil," he said, "spit-shined their shoes and bleached their cartridge belts in salt water. They had an inspection of gear every time before going on."

Pfc. William A. Wilson of East Gary, Ind, said he "saw the President twice. I saw others out there swimming but I didn't know who they were. I was stationed at the back of the house. My job was to allow nobody over the wall. My post patrolled right past where they ate their chow and where they sat on the lawn."

Few GIs of any branch of the service got close enough to speak with the President; Secret Service men kept strangers at a distance. But Pvt. Jack Briggs, a reporter for the *Mid-Pacifican*, Army newspaper, asked the President three questions, one about rotation, at a press conference.

The country is not forgetting the men down there in the Pacific, the President told Pvt. Briggs, just as a few hours earlier he told Gen. MacArthur, Allied Southwest Pacific commander, and a few hours later repeated it to Adm. Nimitz, commander of the U. S. Pacific Fleet, and to Lt. Gen. Robert Richardson, commanding general of the Army in the Central Pacific area. The men, President Roosevelt said, will be brought back as soon as the safety of the country allows.

Another question popped by Pvt. Briggs brought the President's only direct-quote answer to any of the war correspondents. Asked why he thought Americans were besting the Japs in atoll and jungle fighting, the President replied: "It is the difference between our type of civilization and our type of fellow and their type of civilization and their type of fellow. Perhaps it sounds a little bit like boasting but we will take them on at any game, war or pleasure, and beat them."

At that point a colonel whispered to the private that that was enough out of him, and Briggs lapsed into a thoughtful silence.

THE President made the trip from the mainland by warship. Four marines from the ship's detachment were assigned to him as orderlies: 1st Sgt. Lewis M. Perry, who has nine years in the Corps; Gunnery Sgt. Leandrow P. Denno of Boston, Mass., with 14 years' service; Platoon Sgt. Alexander E. Cantwell of Nanticoke, Pa., three years; and Gunnery Sgt. Fred Hughes of Summersville, W. Va., four years in the Corps.

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Their main job was to stand guard outside the refurnished quarters of a Naval captain in which the President lived aboard ship, but they got to see him at 1200, 2000 and 2400 hours when they brought him the navigation reports or the ship's newspaper, and during the President's occasional sunbaths on the boat deck.

Willis C. Wengert CRM of San Fernando, Calif., a Navy man for 11 years, has never had any previous newspaper experience, but he became the President's favorite editor for the days at sea. Wengert's mimeographed 6,000-word ship's newspaper, copied down each day from radio broadcasts, was the only paper aboard.

Fala, the President's low-slung Scotty, was along and enjoyed the ride as much as anyone in the Presidential party. He was also the most democratic and friendly to the GIs. For a piece of meat Fala was always willing to stand up, lie down and roll over.

One sailor pulled a hair out of Fala as a souvenir. This gave rise to fear among the Presidential party that the White House dog might return to port looking like a Chihuahua, so unofficial word went out that EM were not to pull any more hair out of Fala.

During the President's stay ashore, Fala had to be left behind on the vessel because the party heard there was a four-month quarantine in effect here for dogs. GIs took care of him, but Sgt. Perry said: "He was lonesome as hell after the President went ashore—lifeless and listless."

Sgt. Cantwell noticed on his two trips to the President's quarters that the President was playing what they call "Beat the Devil" in Cantwell's home town—otherwise known as solitaire.

All the cooking, room-sweeping and bed-making for the President were done by a group of old Navy stewards with many hashmarks, who have made all his sea trips with him for years.

THE President toured Schofield Barracks, Hickam Field, Pearl Harbor, the Jungle Training Center (where men get their last training for the Western Pacific jungle warfare) and other camps.

One of the sad aspects of the visit was the fate of *Star Dust*, the colonel's jeep. *Star Dust* takes its name from the large number of generals and admirals it has carried—a grand total of 77 stars divided among 51 men.

This Week's Cover

HIS carbine resting within easy grabbing distance, Pfc. Russell Smith of Monona, Iowa, toys with a light lunch of K rations in his foxhole near La Haye du Puits, better known as Hooey La Pooey, France. The cigar and the battered topper were found by Smith in an abandoned Nazi dugout. The picture was taken by YANK photographer Sgt. Reg Kenny.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover, 2, 3 & 4—Sgt. Reg Kenny. 5—Coast Artillery Command. 6 & 7—Sgt. Arthur Weithas and Mason Pawlak PhoMic. 8—Sgt. George Aarons. 11—Sgt. Bill Young. 12—Upper left, Signal Corps; upper right, Sgt. Aarons; lower left, Acme; center left, Sgt. Kenny; center right, INP; lower right, Sgt. Dick Hanley. 13—Upper left, Signal Corps; upper right, Sgt. Aarons; center left, AAF; lower left, Fifth Air Force; lower right, W.W. 17—U. S. Army. 18—Left, Signal Corps; right, Chatham Field, Ga. 19—Center left, AAF; lower left, Signal Corps; upper right, Fort Logan, Colo.; center right, AAA School, Camp Davis, N. C.; lower right, Base Photo Section, Gowen Field, Idaho. 20—Warner Bros. 23—Upper, PA; lower, Sgt. Schmall.

The men at the center decided they wanted to top *Star Dust's* career by having the Commander in Chief ride in her. T-4 Benjamin Santucci of Newark, N. J., remembered a jeep in which he once saw the President ride in a newsreel. With scrap from Kwajalein he duplicated the newsreel jeep. He raised the seat next to the driver six inches, moved it back six inches, and added a metal hand rail.

Sgt. Nat. Rosenzweig, a Brooklyn (N. Y.) artist who draws the toothy Japs that GIs learn to shoot at the Jungle Training Center, borrowed a *Webster's Dictionary* from the Kaaawa School and copied the President's seal for license plates.

T-4 Joe Ori of Sherman, Ill., and Cpl. Ray Goodhart of Akron, Ohio, repainted *Star Dust* and brightened up the olive drab by daubing the grease fittings, inspection plugs and oil-filler cap a bright red. But it was all love's labor lost. The President rode in a limousine.

But the other 21 jeeps prepared for the Presidential party under the firm hand of M/Sgt. Arthur H. Stead of Cleveland, Ohio, motor transportation sergeant, were used. They were not only scrubbed within an inch of their lives but were prettied up with white cloth seat covers.

GIs lined up in front of all the farmhouses occupied by Japanese, many of whom are enemy aliens. Sometimes the dramatic weapon-carrying GIs seemed a little silly, as when Mitsuru Furuya, who was guarded by Pfc. Walter Bish of Oswego, N. Y.; T-5 Chester Miller of Long Beach, Calif., and Pfc. Delos Koller of Reading, Pa., was asked the name of his 17-month-old son whom he held clutched in his arms. "His name Lincoln," said Papa Furuya, adding fervently that he was an American citizen.

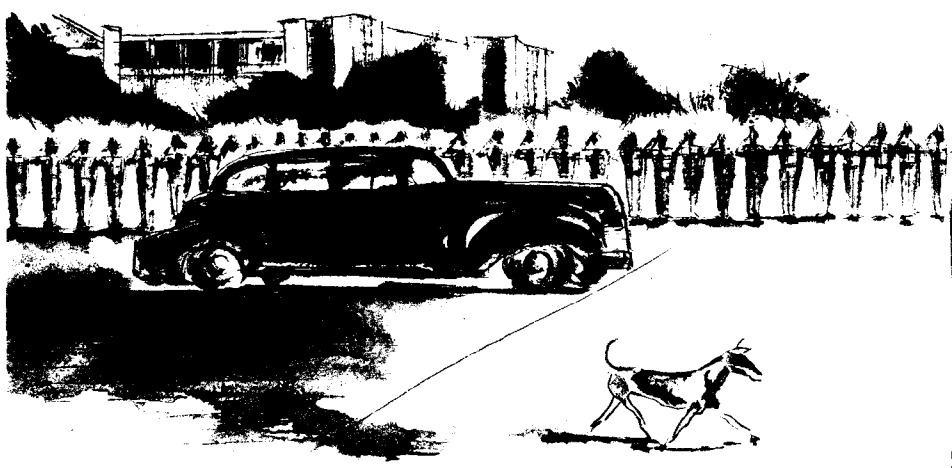
At Schofield Barracks the President reviewed the 7th Division, which fought at Attu and Kwajalein. Pfc. Cecil Shepherd of Hollywood, Calif., a sound technician, was frankly amazed at the President's salute—thumb folded across palm, hand cupped, the middle and forefinger spread apart, and the forearm curved. "But after all, he's not in the Army," Shepherd observed.

THE President's conferences covered future plans against the Japs, some of which will take months to go into effect, but at his press conference the President said only that Gen. MacArthur would get back to the Philippines to take part in granting them independence. He added that the Allies have now secured the offensive and that progress will continue.

The President said in his message to servicemen of the Pacific that the country is giving them everything it can, and in reply to one of Pvt. Briggs' questions about what contribution servicemen can make, he said that he had seen a very definitely marvelous morale in both the Army and Navy and that all any American serviceman or civilian can do is to keep morale and spirit as high as it is.

Unconditional surrender, the President said, goes as terms for Japan as well as Germany and any other American enemy.

Gen. Douglas MacArthur, President Roosevelt and Adm. Chester Nimitz chat.



SKETCHES MADE IN HAWAII
BY SGT. ARTHUR WEITHAS, YANK STAFF ARTIST.

Guard Pfc. Alfred Maleski, with a cow and a bull calf, watches for President.

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The Partisan From Brooklyn

By Sgt. HARRY SIONS
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN ITALY—About the middle of the afternoon of July 14, 1944, a rough-looking, oddly dressed character walked up to the entrance gate of a parachute battalion's encampment here and said he wanted to go inside. The stranger wore British Army shoes, mustard-colored cotton pants, a torn GI paratrooper's jacket and an Italian straw hat with an orange band. Cpl. Milo Peck of Barre, Mass., who was standing guard at the gate, was not impressed.

"And what do you want inside?" asked Peck.

"I want to report to my outfit," the stranger said. "I'm Manuel Serrano. Don't you remember me?"

"Serrano!" said Peck. "I thought you were dead a long time ago, back in Tunisia. Where the hell have you been all this time?"

"Well," said Serrano, "I've been to a lot of places, but for the last 10 months I've been fighting with the Eyetie Partisans up in the hills."

"Well, I'll be damned," said Peck. "Come on in."

And that was how Sgt. Manuel Serrano, the first American soldier known to have fought with the Italian Partisans, returned to his outfit after an absence of 20 months.

Serrano is a six-footer, deeply sunburned and husky. He has a small black mustache and thick black hair streaked with gray. Born in Puerto Rico 24 years ago, he had lived in Brooklyn, N. Y., since he was 5, and before the war played the maraccas and drums in a rumba band in a Greenwich Village hot spot. In February 1942 he volunteered for the Paratroops, trained at Fort Benning, Ga., and found himself in rapid succession at a POE, in England and on the North Africa invasion.

A month after the November 1942 landing in Tunisia, Serrano—then a buck sergeant acting as first sergeant—was on a mission to blow up a bridge near El Djem. His patrol was surprised by the Jerries, a few of the 38 GIs were killed and several, including Serrano, were captured.

Four days later Serrano was put on an Italian destroyer with a batch of other Allied prisoners and shipped to an Italian prison camp at Palermo, Sicily. When Serrano arrived at Palermo, he weighed 190 pounds. When he was transferred to the Italian mainland one month later, he weighed 145 pounds.

His first stop in Italy was a concentration camp called No. 59, at Servigliano on the Adriatic coast. He stayed there nine months. No. 59 had an assortment of American and British prisoners, Yugoslav Partisans, Albanians and Jews of various nationalities. When they heard via the grapevine of the Italian surrender in September 1943, they made a general break.

The day after the break, Serrano met three of the Yugoslavs in the hills. They were on their way to an Italian Partisan camp in the mountains near Sarnano, about 60 miles to the south. Serrano asked the Yugoslavs what the Italians did and was told they killed Germans and Fascists. That was good enough for him, so he went along.

It took Serrano and the Yugoslavs three days to make the Partisan camp. The hide-out was buried so deeply in the mountain underbrush that they would never have found it except for the help of a friendly farmer. At the hide-out they met 50 Italians and a few more Yugoslavs. The Partisans weren't too happy about their new recruits. They had scarcely enough food or weapons for themselves, and they wanted to know why Serrano had come without a good rifle and something to eat. They tried to prevent him from staying, but he stayed.

Two weeks later Serrano was picked to go on his first raid. Like all Partisan raids, it would be made at night. The objective was Penna, about 15 miles to the east, where the raiders were to pick up several of the town's leading Fascists and bring them back to camp for trial.

Early in the afternoon a couple of Partisans dressed in civvies circulated through the town to check on the number of Jerries there. If the place was heavy with Jerries, the raid would have to be postponed. There were only a few Jerries around. The raid was on.

Serrano and 19 other Partisans made their way down the mountain paths to the outskirts of the town where they waited for complete darkness. Then they sneaked in, one by one.

"I WAS pretty nervous," says Serrano. "They taught me a lot of tricks at Benning and in England, but Fascist-hunting wasn't one of them. Those Eyetie towns close up early at night, and of course there weren't any street lights. I couldn't hear a sound except maybe a dog howling far off or the footsteps of a Jerry or a Fascist *carabiniere* patrolling the street. I'd duck down until he passed, praying he wouldn't see me."

Serrano headed for the house of a Partisan sympathizer, first making sure that a red light was showing in the window; this meant the coast was clear. Inside he found the other Partisans. The sympathizer led them to the houses of the five Fascists on the night's calling list. Four or five Partisans worked each house, quietly and smoothly. They bound and gagged the Fascists and carried them swiftly out of town and up to the Partisan camp in the hills.

"They hanged those five Fascists," says Serrano. "They gave them a trial and then they hanged them. But the Partisans didn't always hang the Fascists they caught. It depended on what they were accused of. If they worked with the Jerries, or if they were black-market operators, then they were sure to get strung up. Some of them helped Jerry fight us, especially if we were caught in a tough spot and it wasn't too dangerous for them. Or they'd denounce us to Jerry if they knew where we were hanging out. Or they'd pick up escaped Allied prisoners for the Germans; they got 3,000 *lire* for every prisoner they captured, dead or alive.

"In a way, those black-market operators were the meanest of all the Eyetie Fascists. That La Marche region is a very poor country, and by the time the Germans got through stealing everything worth while, it was poorer still. The people have just enough to keep themselves and their kids alive. Well, these black-market operators were all big-shot Fascists. They'd corner the market on shoes, or *pasta*, or clothes, and then they'd sell them at terrific prices. They'd

REJOINING HIS PARATROOP OUTFIT AFTER 20 MONTHS, MANUEL SERRANO FOUND TOP KICK'S STRIPES WAITING.

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A U. S. paratrooper tells about the 10 exciting months he spent behind enemy lines in Italy, fighting as an anti-Fascist guerrilla.

been doing it for 22 years, but they really went to town when the Germans came in. There was one town where the shoemaker—he was a Fascist—was charging such wild prices that an ordinary Eyetie couldn't buy shoes. We finally got that guy, along with all his shoes. We hanged him and handed out his shoes to the poor people of the town.

"Some of the Fascists we let go — if they weren't active in the party but just paid their dues or turned on the radio to listen to Il Duce when they were ordered to. We scared the sugar out of them first before we let them go. Some of them even wanted to join up with us, but the Partisans wouldn't have them.

"And then there were some in-between Fascists we let go, but we gave them the castor-oil treatment first—just so they'd have a taste of what they used to hand out. We'd raid the Fascist headquarters and grab their stocks of bottled castor oil. Then we'd dose it out. If a Fascist was in the party 10 years, then we'd give him 10 doses, a dose a year. I know; it doesn't sound pretty. But if you expect a pretty story, I might as well stop now."

When the going was tough, the Partisans hid out for weeks in the mountain recesses, in caves or in forest groves on the hillsides. They wore nondescript uniforms — part British, part German, part American, part civilian clothes. Their only weapons were a few old Italian Army rifles and *ballila* (hand grenades) and some captured German pistols. They carried sharpened Italian bayonets and used them as knives. Six months after Serrano joined the Partisans, British planes dropped machine guns and rifles to them.

The band of Partisans to which Serrano belonged was evidently only one of many bands operating all over Italy, wherever the Germans were. The units were organized and controlled through a radio station known as *Italia Combatte* (Italy Fights).

"Every night," Serrano says, "we'd turn on the radio to listen to our code signal, '*Sole tra monte* (the sun is between the mountains).' When we heard that, we'd take down the instructions for our next raid.

"These orders came in code, too. 'Pietro's beard is white' might mean to blow up a railroad bridge. 'The snow in Russia is getting cold' might mean to tear down telephone wires along a certain road. The Jerries kept putting the wires up and we kept tearing them down. It got the Jerries so sore they'd shoot anybody they caught standing near a telephone pole."

Some of the instructions were repeated every night, such as the order to shoot individual Jerry motorcyclists or to help escaped Allied prisoners. Other instructions were longer and more involved. Serrano recalls one order about catching a big-shot Fascist in the town of Ascoli. The radio listed the homes the Fascist lived in at different times, his favorite coffee shops and the hours he visited them, his latest mistress and the color of her hair, and the address of their love nest. We located that Fascist late at night in the love nest, where he was waiting for his girl friend to show up. We didn't bother taking him back to the mountains. We let him have it right there."

The band was organized on a semimilitary basis. "There was a captain in the Italian Regular Army," says Serrano. "He was our CO. He gave the orders, and I mean orders. He was tough. Then there were a couple of lieutenants, I guess you'd call them. They were in charge of the units when we went out on a job. And about a half-dozen sergeants. The rest of us, including me, were privates. Of course, rank didn't make much difference in where we slept or what we ate. There weren't any special officers' quarters in our caves, and we all ate the same food when we got it."

The Partisans had no special insignia but they always wore something red. "Didn't make any

FOUR OR FIVE PARTISANS BOUND AND GAGGED EACH FASCIST AND CARRIED HIM SWIFTLY OUT OF TOWN.

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difference what it was," Serrano says. "A red scarf, or a red handkerchief, or a red arm band. At first I thought it meant they were all communists, but they hardly ever talked politics. So one day I asked one of the lieutenants, and he explained that they wore these red things, first because the Yugoslav Partisans wore red, but mostly because it was the color the Jerries and the Fascists hated most."

The Partisans in Serrano's band came from all classes. There were workers and a couple of businessmen. There were Italian sailors, and officers and men of the Italian Army. And for a few months there were a couple of GIs from the 1st Division who had been captured and then escaped.

ONE of the most important Partisan jobs was to help escaped American and British prisoners. Serrano estimates that his band helped more than 100 prisoners back to Allied lines. Three girls worked with the Partisans on these deals, getting the names, ranks and serial numbers of escaped prisoners who had taken refuge in farmhouses in the area. The Partisans radioed this information to Allied headquarters at Bari.

But not all the escaped prisoners were able to make the Allied lines. Many of them were caught. If the Germans got them, the prisoners were usually just taken back to their prison camps. But they weren't always that lucky if the Fascists caught them first.

One morning in March, while the Partisans were camping in the hills near Comunanza in the La Marche region, a farmer reported that the Fascists had captured and killed six escaped Allied prisoners. They had stripped the prisoners of their identifications and clothes, he said, and had taken them to a field nearby. Then they had forced the prisoners to dig a long shallow ditch. When the ditch was dug, the Fascists machine-gunned the prisoners, threw their bodies into the ditch and covered them with a few shovelfuls of dirt.

"That night," Serrano says, "three of us made for the field. We saw the ditch but the bodies had disappeared. We checked around and learned that nuns had taken the bodies to the convent in Comunanza after the Fascists left. We went to the convent and there were the six bodies, wrapped in white sheets and lying on slabs of wood. The nuns had cleaned the bodies and wrapped them in the sheets. I lifted up the covers from the faces and recognized them all. Four were GIs from the 1st Division, the other two were British. The nuns said they would give them a decent burial. Then we left.

"I walked out of that convent and back up the hills to camp. When I got to the top of the first hill I turned around toward the convent and those six dead soldiers, and I swore that for each one of those soldiers I would kill a Fascist with my bare hands. I think for the first time I really knew what it meant to be a Partisan."

Even the Jerries didn't like the Italian Fascists. Serrano says. "Once when I was walking down the main street in Porto San Giorgio, dressed in civvies, I saw a Jerry soldier walk past an Italian Fascist officer without saluting him. The officer stopped the Jerry and said: 'Why didn't you salute me?' The Jerry took his pistol out of its holster, bashed the Fascist on the head and killed him. 'That's my salute to you,' he said and walked away.

"The Jerries stopped me three times, but only to ask directions. They thought I was an Eyetie—I was dark and spoke the language with the accent of the La Marche people. Once in Servigliano a Jerry stopped me on the street and asked the way to a certain road. While we were talking he pulled out a pack of Chesterfields and offered me one. I asked him where he got American cigarettes and he laughed. He told me they came from Red Cross parcels for the prisoners of No. 59. Later I learned that the Fascists had kept the parcels for themselves, but when the Germans came in they took the parcels away from them."

FROM April to June the Germans started going after the Partisans in earnest. Jerry planes tried to bomb them out of the hills and mortars tried to blast them out. In the last week of April a mixed unit of Fascists and Jerries had the band surrounded for three days.

"Most of us got away," says Serrano, "but five were caught. The Fascists hanged them. Not a quick hanging, like we gave them, but the slow Fascist hanging. They pulled the bodies up above the ground, then let them down slowly till the toes touched the ground, then up again after a while. That way the hangings could last a couple of days. I tell you, those Fascists were no good. The Yugoslavs were right. When we had that first trial, they said: 'What are you wasting time with trials for? Hang the swine'."

The Partisans did not let the enemy hold the offensive against them but struck back. "One day about the end of June," says Serrano, "we did a job on a Jerry convoy that was moving north up a mountain road near Sarnano. A guy named Giulio was in charge of a forward patrol of eight men. This Giulio was about 21 years old and a little guy, but he had a pair of shoulders as broad as this. He ran away from Rome when the Jerries started sending the young Eyeties to work up north.

"Each man in Giulio's patrol had a Bren machine gun, part of a supply the British had dropped down to us. The patrol was waiting on a rise just overlooking a bend in the road when the convoy showed up ahead of time. There were five trucks loaded with supplies, and about 200 Germans.

"Giulio let go at the first truck and put it out of commission. Then the other Partisans fired their Brens at the rest of the trucks. The Jerries scrambled out and took cover behind their trucks. For five minutes there was a hot little battle. Then the Jerries ran, with the eight Partisans chasing after them. Giulio caught two Jerries and was disarming them when one Jerry pulled a pistol on him. That got Giulio mad. He lined them up against a tree and machine-gunned them."

When the rest of the Partisan band arrived, they burned the Jerry trucks, first removing all the supplies of food, clothing, pictures and silverware stolen from Italian homes. The Partisans counted 20 Jerry dead and picked up seven wounded, whom they took to the British hospital at Ascoli.

The next day the Germans came back in force, blowing up seven houses in the vicinity with mines. "They blamed the people for not warning them," Serrano says. "The people knew, all right. They always knew."

But the Partisans had their revenge, too. As the Germans retreated by night over the back roads before the advancing British, the Partisans struck and ran and struck again. For three straight nights they raided all the neighboring towns, seizing and shooting all the Fascists they could find. They used up all the ammunition from the Brens and all the fire they had taken from the Germans.

"I told the Partisans," Serrano says. "I told them: 'Get all the Fascists now, before the Allies get here. They might be too easy on them'."

ON THE fourth day the captain called the Partisan band together and told them their work in La Marche was done. Those who wished could go up north to continue the fight behind the enemy lines.

Serrano made his way back up to Servigliano and rested for a few days in the home of an Italian friend. Those were happy, confused days for the people of Servigliano. The Germans had gone and so had most of the town Fascists, but the British had not yet arrived. The people dug up all the *vino* they had hidden from the Nazis and they danced in the streets. At night they gathered in their homes and drank and sang the half-forgotten songs of a free Italy, songs they had not dared to sing in the open for 22 years. Partisans who hadn't seen their families for months streamed back into town and were hailed as heroes.

On the day Serrano left, he made a speech in the town *piazza*. "I told them I'd be back some day," he says, "and that I would tell the American soldiers what I had learned from the Partisans. They begged me to stay. They even wanted to make me mayor of the town. In fact, they wanted to give me the town's prettiest girl for a wife. But I guess I'll wait till I get back to Brooklyn and find a nice Italian girl there. I like these Eyeties. Maybe it's because I'm a Latin, too, and understand them a little better than some other American soldiers."

Forty miles from Servigliano, Serrano met an American Paratroop major, who told him where Serrano's old outfit was stationed. It wasn't very far away. A truck gave Serrano a lift across the peninsula and dropped him about eight miles from his unit camp.

"I walked those last eight miles," says Serrano. "But it didn't feel like walking. It felt like floating on air."

Back in camp Serrano met his old buddies. There were 75 left out of the original outfit as it was activated at Benning more than two years ago. After Tunisia, where Serrano was captured, the battalion had gone on to fight in Sicily and in Italy.

"I don't know what the outfit's going to have me do," says Serrano, whose first sergeant's rating came through a couple of weeks after he was captured in Tunisia. Whatever happens to him, he won't be short of folding money. He has 20 months' pay as a top kick coming, plus $50 a month jump pay, plus 20 percent overseas pay.

"I don't know what I'll do, but I know what I'd like to do. I'd like to drop back behind the Jerry lines again with an M1 and take 20 of these fellows with me."

"WE'D GRAB CASTOR OIL AND DOSE IT OUT. IF A FASCIST WAS IN THE PARTY 10 YEARS, HE'D GET 10 DOSES."

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Recapturing Guam

Mortar fire poured down from the hills when the marines landed to win back the first U. S. island seized by the Japs in this war.

By Sgt. LARRY McMANUS
YANK Staff Correspondent

GUAM, THE MARIANAS [By Cable]—North of Orote Point there is a natural amphitheater some 200 yards long and 500 yards deep. Here the ground is low and level, rising gradually into brush-covered hills and then into a range of mountains farther inland. Nature has provided a stage for this amphitheater, a level coral reef some 300 yards offshore.

It was at this point on Guam that the 3d Marine Division landed in the initial phase of the operations to recapture from the Japanese the first American territory seized in this war.

Amtracks carried the first assault wave that clattered over the reef at H Hour, 0830, and lumbered ashore through mortar, rifle and machine-gun fire. When the amtracks hit the beach, the marines leaped out, some falling flat as their knees buckled under the weight of weapons and heavy packs. Then the amtracks turned around and splashed out to sea to pick up another load.

Other troops waded ashore from the reef's edge in knee-deep water, a few losing their equipment when they stepped in craters left by bombs or shells. Once ashore they climbed the sand dune, crossed the grove of shattered coconut trees and advanced up and over the first range of hills, averaging 500 feet in height, that rimmed the beachhead. As at Saipan, the Japs had only a meager beach-defense system, and this had been largely destroyed by the 17-day sea-air bombardment preceding the landing. The Japs were now resisting principally with mortar fire from the higher hills.

Although the beachhead received its full share of this fire, the men on the reef bore the brunt of most of the barrages. From the beach I watched a group of about 100 men disembark and walk across the reef. They dropped flat in the water as mortar shells began to explode among them; a dozen remained there when the firing stopped and the rest of the group moved in to shore. As one man put it later, "You can't dig a foxhole under water."

Tanks and bulldozers were put ashore before 0930, and soon long lines of ducks began rolling in to the beach on partly deflated tires. Each duck carried a radio-equipped jeep and an artillery piece. A mortar shell hit the fourth duck to land, setting it afire. Another shell landed in a jeep carried by one of the ducks, blowing up the jeep but leaving the duck crew untouched.

In midafternoon heavy concentrations of mortar shells poured on the clearing several hundred yards inland where our artillery was already in place. Here and there, all over the area, voices shouted: "Corpsman." Twenty feet from my foxhole a lineman was hit, the legs of his battle dress turning red with blood from his climbing irons. Two corpsmen bandaged his legs and gave him a unit of plasma.

Across the road two dog handlers were injured, putting two dogs out of action. There were 12 of these specially trained animals—Alaskan huskies and Dobermans and Belgian shepherds. A few were scouts, trained to sniff out Jap snipers, but most of them were message carriers. "They are trained to carry stuff from one particular man to another," says Pfc. Harold Tesch of Rochester, N. Y., "and when one man is wounded, the dogs have to be broken in with a new master." The dogs seemed less bothered by the mortar concentration than by the heat. Each sat in a shallow trench beside his master's foxhole or burrowed in the cool sand.

As the assault troops cleared the amphitheater and rooted out the Japs on the hill crests, the reef and shore line were taken over by the Engineers, Seabees, MPs, truck drivers and all the groups that have to consolidate a beachhead.

Marines search for snipers on Guam amid wreckage left by bombardment. Discarded BAR leans against a tree.

A 15-foot sandbank barring the way from the beach to the road up above seemed like a serious obstacle until an old Seabee called Pop put in an appearance. "Pop sat up high on his 'dozer," says William Mullins PhM1c of Murfreesboro, Tenn., "and dug a road through that bank like he was working a construction job in the States. We were catching hell from Jap mortars but it didn't bother Pop. Every time we looked up he'd be wheeling this 'dozer around like he was the only person on the beach."

Going out to the reef, I found Gunnery Sgt. William Wright of Dover, N. J., who has nine years in the Marines. He was standing on the ramp of an LST and directing the duck drivers as they backed into the ship's hold to load up.

Other LSTs lined the reef and smaller landing boats grounded beside them, loaded with cargo from the huge transport fleet that brought the 3d Marine Division to Guam. As the tide went out, trucks joined the processions of ducks and amtracks shuttling between reef and shore.

On a spit of muddy soil covering the reef, a duck-company dispatcher, Sgt. Lloyd McKenzie of Amarillo, Tex., directed the ducks on the run from the LSTs to the supply dumps ashore. He was perched on a wicker chair salvaged from a house in shattered Asan village.

"Rations aboard, Mac!" a truck driver would shout, and Mac would tell him to take them to the division dump.

"Ammo aboard, Mac!" another driver would call out, and Mac would ask the caliber. Then he'd tell an artilleryman to accompany the load and direct the duck to the proper battery.

Fence posts went to the Engineers, medical supplies to the hospital. Occasionally an outward-bound duck carrying casualties would be flagged through, proceeding directly out to sea to deliver its patients to a warship.

THE sound of artillery was almost continuous while Navy planes circled overhead in the cloudy sky. The rolling c-r-r-rump of their bombs was easily distinguished from the sharper and shorter blasts of shells. Navy Kingfisher scout planes moved slowly over the mountains, flying low to direct gunfire from the warships offshore.

Now the reef party slogged toward the shore while a fresh group, winding up a three-hour break, rode out to the reef in ducks.

On the beach two litter-bearers carried a casualty into a medical tent. The wounded man was naked except for his right pants leg, and his skin was the dirty gray of men who have lost too much blood. He had been hit by a Jap grenade blast barely 10 minutes before, and a corpsman had applied battle dressings. Now he was given plasma and a few minutes later was heading for a ship in an amtrack.

Down the road came a marine driving a ridiculously small Komatsu tractor, his knees sticking out over the treads. Everybody grinned as he passed. He looked like a man on a tricycle.

A salvage party began to assemble the equipment scattered over the beach. Sgt. Milan F. Russ of San Francisco, Calif., and his men inventoried the supply, turning guns and ammo over to Ordnance and preparing the GI equipment for reissue to anyone who needed it.

At night the salvage party became a part of the perimeter ground defense. All the other beach workers, including MPs who could be spared from the business of directing traffic, joined the defense line during the hours of darkness, on guard against anticipated Jap attacks.

Adolf Should Try Pin-Ups

NORTHERN IRAN—MPs at a GI camp here have developed a secret weapon—a foolproof method for stopping Russians.

When Red Army truck drivers refused to slow down at the gate, the MPs—used to having eagles come to a dead stop and present dog tags—were vexed. As one MP said, "We were vexed."

They put their heads together, seeking some great common denominator to hurdle both the linguistic barrier and the natural impetuosity of a Russki in the driver's seat. Next morning Russian trucks skidded to a meek halt. Cheerfully Red Army soldiers showed their passes.

"We pinned up a pitcha of Ann Savage on the outside of the gatehouse," said the MP corporal. "Cut it outa YANK. Everybody stops—Russian drivers, doggie drivers, old guys on camels. Now we gotta figure some way to get them moving again."

—Cpl. DICK GAIGE
YANK Staff Correspondent

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A snake surely had a hand in surveying this section of the Burma Road. It winds through 23 switchbacks.

They're all Fifth Army infantrymen in this 12-piece swing combo which gives out generously in Italy. They play near the front and have been shelled, but they still keep grooving.

On French soil Gen. Henry H. Arnold, USAAF, and Lt. Gen. Omar N. Bradley, Ground Forces, talk things over.

M/Sgt. Ted Henning, with German P38 pistol in France, served in Nazi Army in 1936. He took off on furlough and became a U. S. GI in 1937.

These two tobacco queens, at Valdosta (Ga.) sales, display the merits of this season's crop.

FIRST BLOOD. M/Sgt. Clifford Stone and his lucky .50-cal. A ground man in New Guinea, he brought down a Zero first time he ever fired a machine gun

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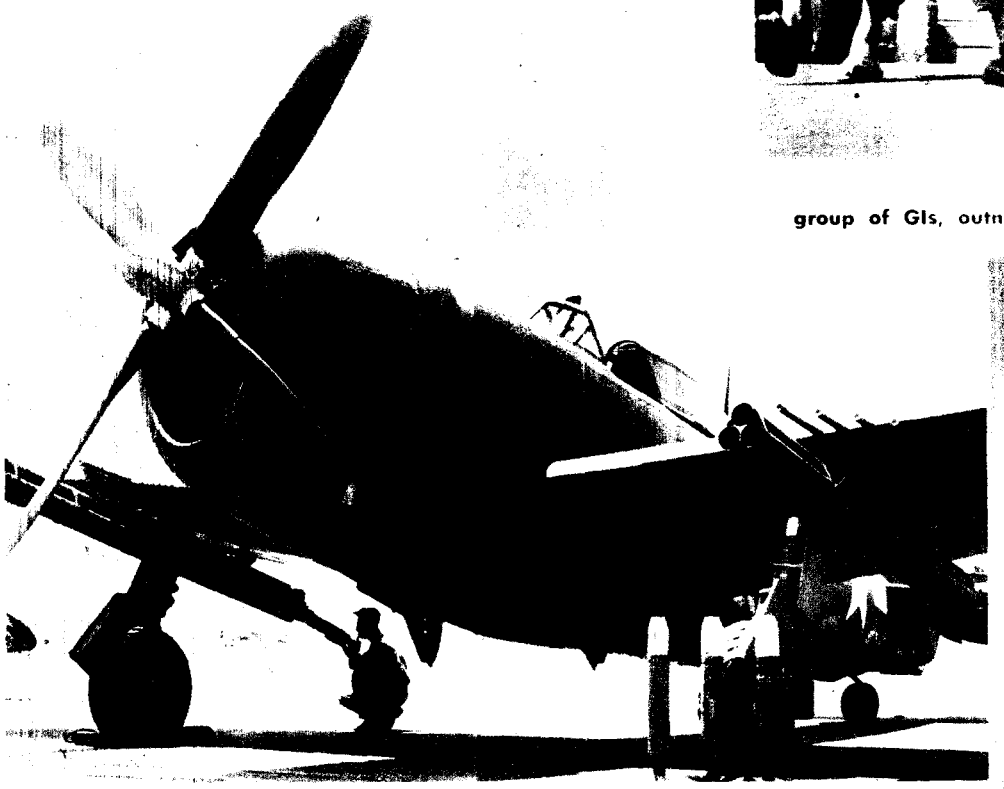
Somewhere in France, Cpl. Donald Shilling does a nifty bit of needlework on a torn jeep top

After Allies took Rome, Yanks didn't waste time making friends. Here a group of GIs, outnumbered but happy, take a stroll to see the sights of Mussolini's late capital.



This P-47 fires rockets. Three of the rockets stand on the ground (right) while a soldier loads one into the rocket armament on the other side.

This photo, made by Yank flyers in the Southwest Pacific, shows the smoky streamers of phosphorous bombs used by Zeros against attacking U. S. bombers.

The fuzzy, fashionable parka on Hollywood's Wanda McKay isn't GI, but it looks very nice. Her legs will get cold, but what the hell.

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MAIL CALL

Compulsory Military Training

Dear YANK:

Compulsory military training should not be allowed to die a few years after victory. It would be a potential threat to aggressor nations and a protective shield for the oppressed. Aside from its military importance it would also provide America with better Americans.

We have grown up to the fact that isolationism is unsound and if we are to do away with it we must mingle with the rest of the world. We can not run home when someone growls at us. To be able to stand up for the rights of all free people we must show all nations that we are a mature power willing to lend a hand to all that deserve it and ready to strike any one that tries to deny us that right. This potential strength will make our enemies think twice before attacking us and we will never have to go around moaning "Too Little and Too Late."

New Guinea —T-5 STEVE KILLILEA

Dear YANK:

I don't believe a huge standing Army is necessary, but I do think a "Junior National Guard" should be formed. Organizations like the ROTC should be set up in all our high schools and colleges. In other words, prepare the young men of America for a possible World War III in 30 years. Shape his mind so that he no longer remains the complacent dolt most of us were before Pearl Harbor. Let his sons and his sons' sons do the same and perhaps we can be a nationalistic country and still escape foreign wars.

England —T-5 PAUL HOROWITZ

Dear YANK:

In a July issue, Sgt. Fred Dwyer answered the question: "Should the U. S. have compulsory military training after the war?" by suggesting that the Army offer men a career, raise their pay to $75 or $100 and compete with private industry for manpower. This, in my opinion, is the most sensible plan ever offered for military training. It is far better than any act of Congress for future military training.

Maxwell Field, Ala. —Pvt. HUGH F. McGURK

Dear YANK:

Compulsory military training should be continued after the war. In addition every school in the country should teach military subjects so that when the time comes for the student to enter military training he would know what it was all about.

New Guinea —Pvt. JOSEPH MILSPAUGH

Dear YANK:

I'm against it. My morale would be a lot lower over here if I had to envision a post-war America preparing for another war. To suggest such a thing is to profess a lack of confidence in the ability of the United Nations to cooperate successfully in peace as well as in war. It automatically makes wastebasket material of the Atlantic Charter and the various other declarations we are fighting for.

Why not train our youth to do their warring against war in classrooms instead of foxholes and with books for weapons?

The war and its outcome was placed in the hands of the common man off the shore of Pearl Harbor, in the bomb-torn streets of London and in the trenches before Moscow. It can be wrested from his hands while he is learning military tactics. Not so when he is learning, through education, to mold it into a lasting peace and a new free world.

New Guinea —Sgt. PETE McGOVERN

Dear YANK:

The way to insure lasting peace is to concentrate on peace, not war. Big armies, large stores of arms and equipment are preparations for war, not peace. Didn't the Germans, Italian and Japanese people rely upon arms for security? Now look at what tragedy is their lot. Let's carry over into the post-war period the principle of United Nations cooperation for security and peace.

Colorado Springs, Colo. —Sgt. CARL DAVIS

Tree-Climbing Wallaby

Dear YANK:

This is not a gripe; we are only seeking information concerning our pet, a tree-climbing wallaby. We belong to a parachute unit and would like to know how to jump him. We have a chute for him, but we're afraid he'll climb the suspension lines and collapse his chute, killing himself. Now how do we jump him?

New Guinea —Pfc. A. G. LUKCIK*

*Signed also by Pfcs. W. S. Kiffer, B. Mason, G. Miller and M. Heller.

■ Why not have a heart-to-heart talk with the wallaby?

Praise for Medics

Dear YANK:

We have been and still are in combat and have decided to spend a little time in order to let you know about some real fighting men. They are the first-aid men in the Medics. They are doing a wonderful job here in the front lines. We infantrymen here take our hats off to them and would like to see them get a little more credit and praise.

Italy —Pvt. JOE McGUIRE*

*Also signed by Pfc. E. Charon.

For Foreign Service

Dear YANK:

The GI Bill of Rights promises to do a lot for the average soldier who will return to civilian life after the war. To the Regular Army soldier, however, this bill ignores his future, simply because he chooses to remain with the service. The Regulars' enlistment was voluntary; he believes it only fair that he, too, should be considered when laws concerning the welfare of future ex-servicemen are proposed.

For a period prior to 1912, double longevity toward retirement was granted for time spent in foreign service, even when it occurred in peacetime. Certainly foreign service in this war (not to mention World War I) involves no less hardship than the comparatively easy peacetime foreign service for which double-time credit was given.

I voice the opinion of thousands of Regulars who wish the double-time credit put back in effect retroactively to World War I . . . for all service outside the continental limits of the U. S., whether during a war or post-war occupation of enemy territory. This would increase the taxpayers' burden only nominally, and it would be a step toward showing some appreciation for the service rendered by the Regular Army.

—Sgt. ADAM J. MANKOSKI

Somewhere Overseas

New Patch Pockets

Dear YANK:

I wonder if anyone can tell us if the patch pockets in the new issue trousers are supposed to serve any useful purpose?

Some of us have tried to put things in the pockets but to no avail. One man did succeed but he has never been able to get anything out again without taking his pants off.

In some cases we have even had to widen jungle trials to make room for men wearing the new trousers.

Experiments have shown that in order to put anything in the pockets one must unbuckle the belt, reach in with the right hand and unbutton the safety flap and then with the left hand unbutton the front piece. The pants now are armed and ready. They are then lowered to about the knees to give sufficient room to get into the pockets. The pocket flap is opened and the articles put inside. The same method is used in getting something out of the pockets.

The rear-view snapshot [*left*] was posed for by Cpl. Mina M. Cobb of Monroe, La., who hasn't yet figured out a use for the pockets.

—Sgt. CHARLES BAUGHAM

Bougainville

The American Male

Dear YANK:

We, the undersigned, having read Miss Wilhemina Bruener's profile of the American male, know we've been taken for a farcial hay ride. [Miss Bruener wrote from Newfoundland in a recent *Mail Call* that American men were braggarts and that she was "still looking for the truthful American male"—*Ed.*] Miss Bruener's pen portrait introduces a harlequinesque kind of GI who would be more at home in tantasy than in real life. We prefer to believe that the lady wrote the letter with tongue in cheek. As a group we would not be amused if it were meant to be taken seriously. An intelligent defense would only dignify a group of charges that contain a modicum of substance and a little horse sense. As we see it, it is rather difficult to swing back at a kind of hoopla that could best be nomenclatured: air, hot.

Newfoundland —Pfc. JACOB M. HELLER*

*Also signed by T/Sgt. Wayne D. Pangborn, S/Sgt. Peter C. Mulligan, Sgts. A. W. Rockwell Jr., R. S. Micky Jr. and Nicholas Cokas, and Cpl. Paul A. Paradise.

Dear YANK:

. . . Look for a truthful American. You will find him, and when you do, test, trust and understand him, and you will learn that he is your peer.

Newfoundland —Cpl. CECIL O. HUBBARD

Dear YANK:

. . . I am deeply moved that this young lady has failed to make acquaintance with an American male possessing the outstanding potentialities of a great American. If perchance she did, it would not only make her happy but would add another glorious chapter to the history of Newfoundland.

Newfoundland —S/Sgt. H. W. LaFLEUR

Dear YANK:

. . . It seems to me as though Miss Bruener has been jilted or left at the threshold by one of our would-be Clark Gables and as a result condemns us as a body. I am afraid that she has made the mistake of interpreting the famous American line as a trait of national character.

Bainbridge AAF, Ga. —A/C HERBERT L. ORENT

Dear YANK:

. . . Our boys are the best in the world. We like them just as they are. If the foreign lassies don't like their line, they don't have to listen to it.

Ottumwa, Iowa —HAZEL JONES SK2c

Dear YANK:

. . . The hospitality in Newfoundland must be as frigid as the climate.

—T-5 WILLIAM J. GIBBONS

Fort Belvoir, Va. T-5 JACK J. GORDON

Dear YANK:

. . . So Miss B has yet to meet the truthful American male. Where the hell has she been looking, in Tokyo?

Newfoundland —EDWARD DESMOND SCANNELL Jr. Y2c*

*Also signed by Cox. Donald E. Spear, Cox. Leslie H. Schuessler, Edward Kowinsky QM1c, George Wagner SC2c, Albert W. Jackson MoMM2c and Lewis Tommasino MoMM2c.

Dear YANK:

. . . She ain't seen nothing yet. Wait till she meets the American woman.

Yuma, Ariz. —Pvt. JOHN C. RAE

Pete Paris

Dear YANK:

I've just read in the newspapers about Sgt. Pete Paris, your YANK staff photographer, getting killed in action during the D-Day landings in Normandy. The news hit me like a shell burst. I was a combat photographer in Sicily and Tunisia with the 1st Ranger Battalion and I don't think I ever went up into a hot spot during those campaigns without finding Pete and his camera in the middle of things. I remember him at Dernia Pass, Feriana, Kasserine, Gafsa and Licata, making sure that YANK readers had close-up pictures of the doggies in action.

Besides being a great war photographer, Pete was a great friend of the guys in every outfit that had him along. A grimy-faced machine gunner from the 18th Infantry told me once at El Guettar: "That crazy bastard Paris will do anything to get a good action picture, but he's got guts and he is okay for my dough."

When a guy is killed, the papers write about how good he was and what he achieved. The thousands of GIs who knew Pete Paris in Africa, Sicily and the ETO won't need to read any such obituaries about him. They could write one themselves with no trouble at all.

New York, N. Y. —Ex-Sgt. PHIL STERN

Crimes of Fascism

Dear YANK:

Before the Americans entered Italy there seemed to be a solid determination to punish the Italians for the crimes they had committed and the infamies they had allowed their leaders to commit. This determination has given way to a policy of soft heartedness on the part of Allied officials.

The Italian people were taken in by the promise of world conquest. They gathered in the Roman squares and shouted "*Duce*" to the heavens when Mussolini promised them great things. If they were opposed to aggression and despots they had a chance to get rid of the two when they were given weapons. But such was not the case. They chose to march with those weapons toward Ethiopia. They, too, wished to dominate the world.

To set a shining example for the rest of the world, especially countries with fascist tendencies like Spain and Argentina, the Italian people should suffer for their sins.

Hawaii —Pvt. DANIEL GOLB

China's Struggle

Dear YANK:

The Chinese people have for years demonstrated tremendous sacrifice and fortitude in their resistance to our common enemy Japan. It was China that first brought attention to the despicable Japanese methods of warfare and their inhuman atrocities.

Practical considerations dictate that America be concerned with democracy in the Far East as a means of maintaining peace and trade relations with Far Eastern countries. A strong, democratic China is the answer. Moreover, the industrialization of China itself will require it to become a vast market for industrial America.

Enlightenment on the Chinese situation, similar to that done in Yugoslavia by Sgt. Walter Bernstein, would be invaluable. As a matter of fact, I think Bernstein is the guy for the job.

Truax Field, Wis. —S/Sgt. FRED WORKMAN

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Fog Over Aleutia

By Sgt. RAY DUNCAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

ALASKA—"Don't stand so near the road, corporal," said Sgt. Regan. "Them prime movers don't give a damn what they hit."

Later he said: "You oughta wear a muffler under that field jacket, corporal. This wind goes right through a guy. Here, take mine."

The sergeant's big face was wrinkled with anxiety. In the Aleutian Islands you make friends quickly, but there's no affection as swift or as deep as a soldier's regard for his replacement. Before any man can be rotated back to the States his replacement must arrive and take over.

"A rugged deal," sighed the corporal, "really a rugged deal." He took off his glasses to wipe away the fog, and his blue eyes looked watery without them. Little clouds of fog danced along the spongy ground past the legs of the men.

"Even worse than I expected," continued the corporal, gazing down the muddy slope to the bay and the big humps of barren ground beyond.

"Oh, you'll like it here," said Sgt. Regan quickly. "Time goes fast here. It don't seem like 26 months since I came to this island."

"That's the third time you said that." The corporal turned up the collar of his jacket. It was a stiff new field jacket, issued two weeks before at the port of embarkation. The sergeant was wearing a ragged and shapeless garment.

"Hey, Regan!" somebody yelled, "you can turn your equipment in any time now!"

"Wantcha shake hands with my ree-placement," grinned Regan. "This here's the supply sergeant, corporal, good guy to know." He laughed at his joke and put his big hand in the middle of the corporal's slender back, like a mother presenting her only child to company. "Well," said the supply sergeant, "so you finally got here. Regan's really been sweatin' you in!"

The corporal smiled. "Rugged deal," he said. He'd been through all this before. Regan had walked him through every hut on the island, saying: "Wantcha shake hands with my ree-placement!" And everyone said: "So you're the replacement!" as if they couldn't tell from the new field jacket and from the way Regan beamed and hovered around.

Everyone in the mess hall turned around when Regan suddenly yelled: "Hey! Where is he? Where did he go?"

"It's all right," somebody said, "he just went to get a second cup of coffee."

"Why [illegible] tell me you needed [illegible]" Regan said sharply when the corporal came back. "Don't never run off like that again without tellin' me!"

After chow the two hit their sacks together. Regan had made sure that the corporal got a bunk beside his own.

"I didn't ast you to shake hands with Miller over there," whispered the sergeant. "On purpose I didn't, 'cause he lost his ree-placement last week."

"Lost him?"

"Yeah. Miller's been here 27 months now, an last week his ree-placement finally come up from the States. So Miller was showin' him how to check shipments on the dock. The ree-placement fell into the ice-cold water an' broke both legs an' caught pneumonia. Hell of a tough break for Miller," sighed the sergeant. "His own damn fault though—should've kept his eye on the boy."

"Rugged deal," said the corporal. As they were walking back to the headquarters hut he said: "Say, what kind of flowers are those up there?" He pointed up the slope, where a few blue blossoms were visible through the fog.

"Ain't no flowers on this island," said Regan. "I'd like to go up there an' pick some."

"Fergit it," said the sergeant sharply. He took hold of the corporal's thin arm. "You stay off them slopes, they're dangerous."

"Hey, Regan," somebody yelled, "your orders are bein' cut! The boat's due here this afternoon. You can go aboard tonight!"

"Yeah?" whooped Regan. "Wantcha shake hands with my ree-placement. This calls for a goddam celebration! I hear there's cokes in the PX today."

Regan set his coke down and went over to the juke box to play "I'll Be Home for Christmas." When he turned around the corporal had disappeared.

"I know," Regan yelled while they were searching behind the PX counters. "I know! Them flowers—he went out to pick them goddam flowers!"

Regan and a dozen friends fanned out and started moving up the slope in the fog. The sergeant couldn't hold himself down to a walk. He kept bouncing up and down on the spongy tundra. For a moment the fog broke, and they saw a boat moving into the dock below. "I gotta leave," groaned Regan, "I gotta check out." And he hurried off to the orderly room.

"And one more thing," said Regan's CO, "bring your replacement in here before you go. I want to talk to both of you together. You can pick up your orders when you bring him in."

"Yessir," said Regan, "he's around somewhere."

Which was true. The corporal couldn't have left the island, because no boats or planes had gone. But he could have fallen over a cliff, or sunk into the muskeg, or frozen to death by this time. Regan wondered wildly if someone could have kidnaped him to use for *their* replacement. Regan was running now and groaning out loud. It might take the Army months to get another man up here.

"HEY, Regan!" somebody yelled after him, "You're gettin' mighty careless with that replacement of yours. What's the idea of leavin' him all alone over there in the library hut?"

Regan made the corporal help him turn in his bedding, and then gave him some baggage to carry down to the dock.

"You had me worried to death," he said for the sixth time. "I thought you might've been killed or froze!"

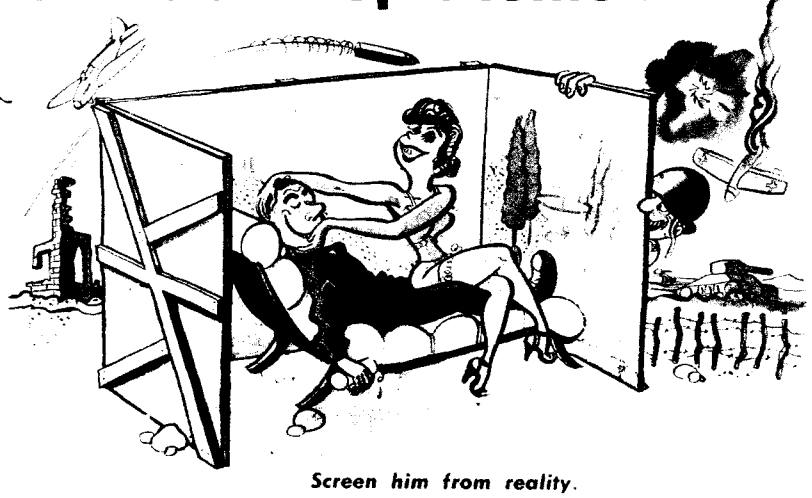
"Rugged deal," said the corporal. They were standing by the dock's edge near the gangplank, and the sergeant's friends were crowded around them in the dark.

"Say, corporal," said Regan, "does everybody in the States say 'rugged deal' all the time?" He had a sudden urge to shove the corporal, in his new field jacket, off the dock into the icy water. Better not, thought the sergeant; they could still pull me off this boat and back to duty. And that, thought Sgt. Regan as he backed up the gangplank toward the States—that would be a very rugged deal.

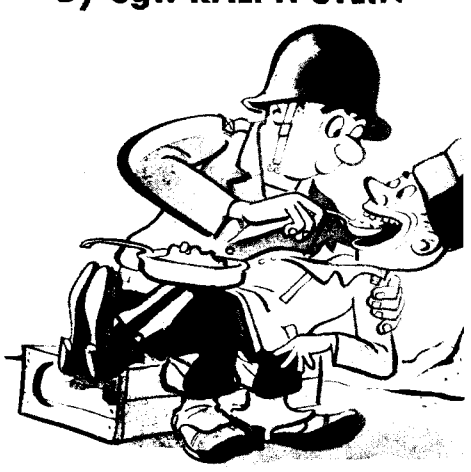
How to Take Care of YOUR Replacement

By Sgt. RALPH STEIN

Greet him with gusto. (This is easy.)



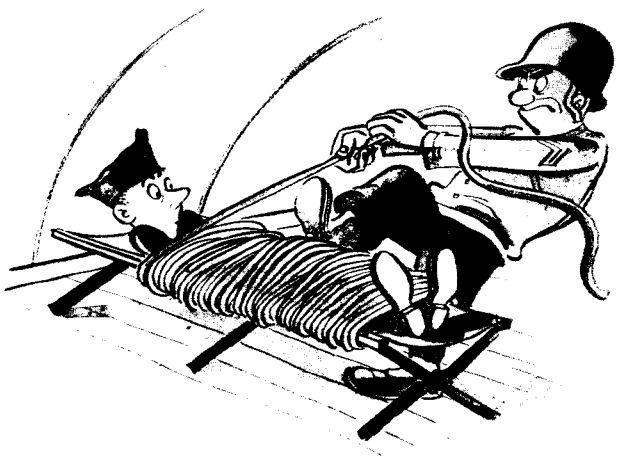
Screen him from reality.



Feed him well and regularly.

Protect him from heat . . .

. . . and from cold.



AND DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!

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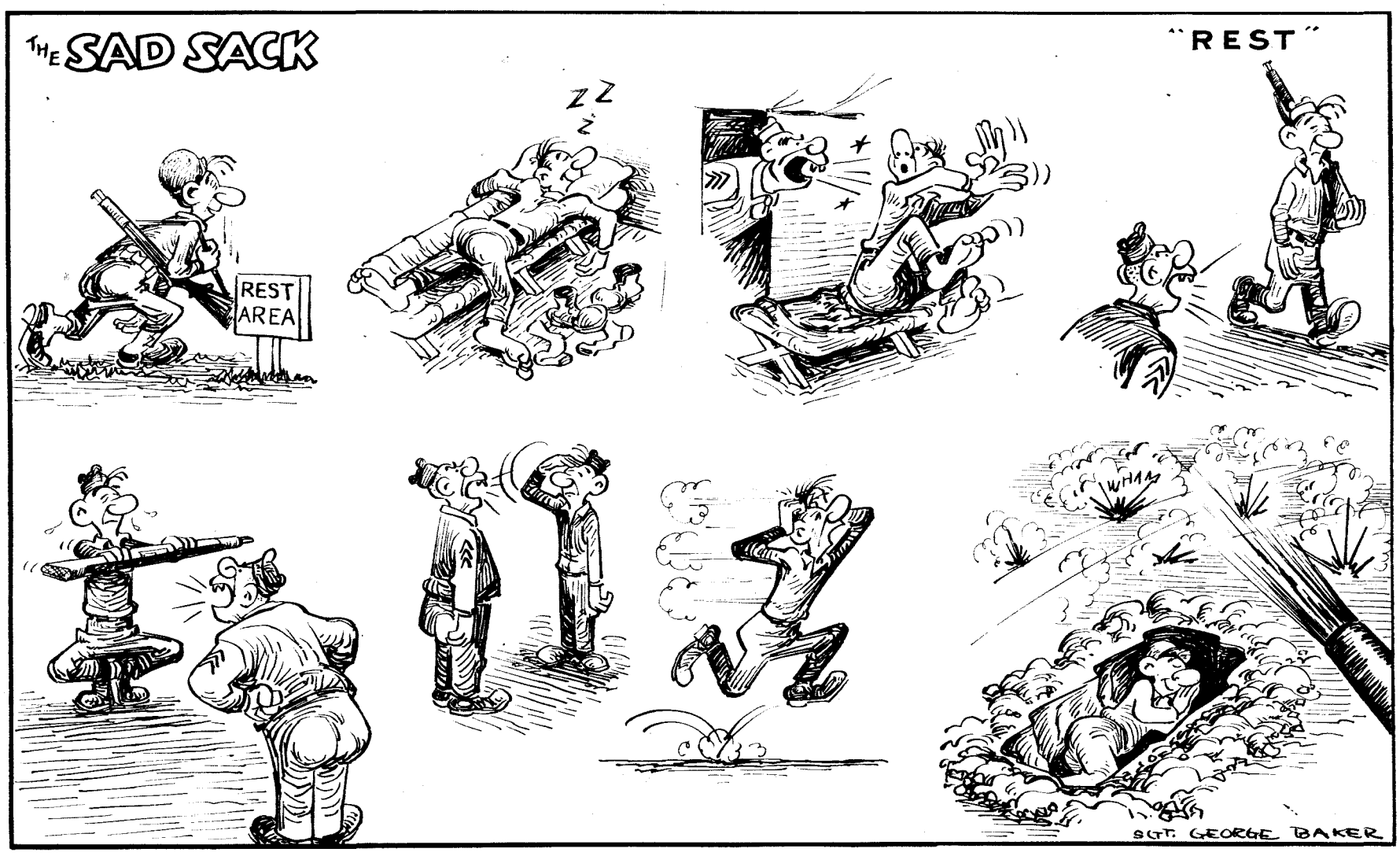

Naturalization Certificate

Dear YANK:

Recently I was naturalized after coming into the Army, and I want to get a copy of my naturalization certificate so I can prove I'm an American citizen when this war is over. My first sergeant won't release it, however, and he won't tell me why. Is it possible to get my certificate? Or do I have to trust that people will believe me when I say I'm a citizen?

Panama —Sgt. STANLEY GERARD

■ GIs who are naturalized after they enter military service are not entitled to receive their naturalization certificates until they are discharged from the Army. Your certificate will remain a part of your service record until you are discharged, at which time it will be given to you.

Medical Corps OCS

Dear YANK:

In a July issue you stated that the Medical Administrative Corps needed 3,000 officer candidates, who would be commissioned after completing a six-week course. I've tried to get information about it around here but no one seems to know what it is all about. Can you give me some more dope on this, YANK?

Camp Stewart, Ga. —Pvt. LEONARD D. CARMEN

■ YANK was misinformed about the length of the course. It is 17 weeks. Application should be made through channels to your local OCS board. To be eligible you must have scored 110 or better on the AGCT and completed a course prescribed by a Mobilization Training Center. Not eligible are personnel assigned to Infantry, Cavalry, Field Artillery, Coast Artillery, Air Corps, Signal Corps, Corps of Engineers, Tank Destroyer Units and Tank Units of the Armed Forces or undergoing training in replacement training centers.

What's Your Problem?

American Defense Ribbon

Dear YANK:

In November 1940 I was sworn in as an aviation cadet and began training three months later, but was eliminated for flying deficiency and given an honorable discharge from the Army. After Pearl Harbor I reenlisted and am now in an Infantry outfit here. Though I was not in the Army at the actual time of Pearl Harbor I served both before and after that infamous event, and I was wondering if I were entitled to the American Defense medal.

Iran —Cpl. LAWRENCE CHADBORNE

■ If the term for which you enlisted as an aviation cadet before the war was for one year, you are entitled to wear the ribbon, even though you lasted only two months in the Army. You can learn the terms of your original enlistment if you write to the Adjutant General's Office in Washington for your service record.

Alimony Payments

Dear YANK:

I am in charge of an allotment section over here, and since your article on family allowances was published I have been driven nuts trying to explain why a GI who is supposed to pay $15 a month alimony has $22 taken out of his pay each month. You claim only $15 should be deducted from the GI's pay but our instructions are to deduct no less than $22 for any Class A allotment. How come?

England —Sgt. FRANK D. SUTTER

■ Our answer was and is correct. The Office of Dependency Benefits says that where the alimony is less than $22 a month, *only* the amount of the alimony should be taken out of the soldier's pay.

School for Barbers

Dear YANK:

I am married and have a son. After the war I would like to go to school but I believe it will be next to impossible unless I can get some financial help. I have over two years of barber work to my credit but no diploma. The union requires 1,000 hours of school before I can be eligible for a diploma. Which part of the GI Bill of Rights covers my case? Do I get my tuition paid or can I get the unemployment benefits while going to barber school?

Alaska —Sgt. JOHN L. FERRELL

■ The Veterans' Administration will pay up to $500 a year tuition for you provided you attend a recognized school. You will also receive $75 a month for subsistence. If you were under 25 when you went into service these benefits are yours for the asking; if not, you will have to prove that your education or training was interrupted by your induction into the Army. The unemployment benefits do not apply to students attending school.

Guard Duty

Dear YANK:

Last night I was on guard duty. While I was walking my post the officer of the day came up to me and asked me to give him my rifle. I asked if it was an order and he said it was. Although I was afraid I was wrong I gave him the rifle. He inspected it and asked me for my name. He then handed it back to me. Now some of the boys tell me I will be punished for turning over my rifle to the OD. Am I guilty of having neglected my post? Am I, YANK?

Hawaii —Pfc. JOHN CONSOL

■ You are not. The OD is one of the few persons whose orders you *must* obey while on guard duty. FM 26-5 (Interior Guard Duty) states: "During the tour of duty a sentinel is subject to the orders of the commanding officer, officer of the day, and officers and noncommissioned officers of the guard only. . . ." [Sec. IV 27 f (1)].

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STRICTLY GI

New Giant Plane

THE Office of Censorship has authorized the announcement of a new giant airplane now in production at the Consolidated-Vultee Aircraft Corporation. The new bomber will be named the B-32 but no details have been released on its size, performance and production status.

New Allied Airborne Command

Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower's Supreme Allied Headquarters has announced that American, British and Canadian airborne forces in the ETO are being consolidated in one separate command that will be as large and as strategically important as an army. Until now Allied airborne units with their paratroopers and glider troops have been attached to the ground forces of their own armies.

Lt. Gen. Lewis H. Brereton has left his position as commander of the Ninth U. S. Air Force to head this airborne command. Lt. Gen. Frederick A. M. Browning, experienced British Army ground-force organizer and a noted small-arms expert, will serve as Lt. Gen. Brereton's deputy commander. Maj. Gen. Hoyt Vandenburg, former commander of the Allied Expeditionary Air Force, has taken Lt. Gen. Brereton's place in the Ninth Air Force, and Maj. Gen. Ralph Royce has succeeded Maj. Gen. Vandenburg.

Costs of Equipment

The Office of the Quartermaster General has announced that a web belt costs the Government 21 cents; khaki garrison cap, 52 cents; OD garrison cap, 98 cents; fatigue cap, 47 cents; wool knit cap, 42 cents; blouse, $10.53; cotton drawers, 35 cents; woolen drawers, $1.24 a pair; OD gloves, $1.42; handkerchief, 6 cents; helmet, 95 cents; helmet liner, $1.48; helmet headband, 28 cents; helmet neckband, 2 cents; field jacket, $8.75; leggings, 90 cents a pair; necktie, 24 cents; overcoat, $13.35; raincoat, $5.07; khaki shirt, $2.10; OD shirt, $4.56; shoes, $3.90 a pair; cotton socks, 17 cents; wool socks, 43 cents; khaki trousers, $2.11; OD trousers, $5.25; two-piece fatigue suit, $4.58; summer undershirt, 32 cents; woolen undershirt, $1.37.

A barracks bag costs 78 cents; blanket, $7.67; mattress cover, $1.65; meat can, 64 cents; canteen, 84 cents; canteen cover, 50 cents; cup, 26 cents; fork, 3 cents; knife, 10 cents; spoon, 3 cents; dog tags, 1 cent each; dog tag necklace, 6 cents; tent pole, 24 cents; shelter half, $3.05; first-aid pouch, 15 cents; toilet set, 76 cents; bath towel, 40 cents; huck towel, 16 cents.

"Tell me, Hermann, how do you think I'd look without my mustache?"

THE NEW FOLDING BAZOOKA (or M-9A1, 2.36-inch rocket launcher) on the left is now being issued to all invasion forces. The old-style launcher (right) was found difficult to carry over jungle trails and in paratroop warfare. Larger 4.5-inch aircraft bazookas are now being used in the CBI Theater.

Washington OP

ACCORDING to Maj. Gen. Norman T. Kirk, surgeon general, back from an inspection trip of France, England and Italy with Secretary of War Stimson, 80 to 90 percent of the wounded on the Normandy Peninsula were getting care from the medics within 10 minutes after they were hit. This was in spite of the fact the German snipers apparently considered the Red Cross insignia a good target. Only 10 percent of the wounded brought in from the front were developing infections, because of plenty of blood plasma, penicillin, sulfa drugs and good surgery. Gen. Kirk emphasized that surgery is saving many lives. "In chest surgery particularly we are doing things we never knew we could do," he said. As evidence of the medics' success, he told of one hospital he visited in England that had handled 6,000 cases since D Day with only one death.

Lt. Gen. Brehon Somervell, commanding general of the Army Service Forces, gave the public facts and figures on how much production must be pushed up in the last half of 1944 in order to meet requirements and assure a speedy victory. Explaining the necessity for adding an hour to the working day in ASF administrative offices and installations, he said that forecasts for the next six months call for average deliveries 14.5 percent above the 1943 monthly average and 17.4 percent above June production. Among military items in which there must be tremendous increases, Somervell listed heavy and medium artillery and ammunition, radios and radar, tractors and bulldozers, flame throwers, cotton duck and tents, cranes and derricks, penicillin and heavy trucks. Heavy and medium artillery especially, which have been used in Normandy and Italy far more extensively than ever before or than was ever expected, require an increase in ammunition loading rates from half a million rounds in May to 2½ million rounds in a few months. Because of the effectiveness of the new portable flame thrower, the demand for this weapon requires five times the production in the last half of the year that was achieved in the first half. Since the terrific power of the *Luftwaffe* has been cut down, the demand for aerial bombs has skyrocketed. Said the general: "This is the home stretch in our race to defeat Germany."

This department pulled a boner a few weeks ago when it said that Title V of the Soldier Vote Law forbids the Army to sell or distribute any magazine unless it is on the soldier preference list of publications that have been proved popular by polls of opinion or by sales figures in PXs. We should have said that this rule applies only to magazines containing what is construed to be political propaganda. Any other magazine, the *Cavalry Journal* for instance, can be sold or distributed in the Army, regardless of whether it is on the list or not. We also said that *Hit Kit* had been taken off the preference list. That was not correct. *Hit Kit* is a Special Service songbook that is distributed free and therefore it was never on the preference list in the first place.

—YANK Washington Bureau

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Soldier Has an International Career

Chatham Air Field, Ga. — Staff sergeant in the Marines, technical sergeant in the Army, lieutenant in the National Guard, captain in the Chinese Army and a major in the Nicaraguan Army. Such is the past record of 34-year-old Charles W. Mathews of Detroit, Mich., who is now serving as a private in the orientation division of Special service here and conducting lectures on "Chinese Military Strategy."

Joining the Marines in 1923 at the age of 14, he was in Nicaragua in 1924 and 1925 as part of the Devil Dog contingent fighting the rebel leader, Sandino. While his service there cannot be compared with that which he saw later, Mathews was cut badly with a bolo knife during one engagement and still carries the scar.

In 1927, when civil war broke out in China, Mathews went to the Orient, where he enlisted, was commissioned a captain and given command of a company of Chinese Scouts. "Those men were fine soldiers," says Mathews. They were mostly Chinese who had graduated from American universities.

Returning to the United States in 1930 he joined the National Guard as a private and was a buck sergeant when he was discharged in 1932. After his experiences in Nicaragua and China, the National Guard seemed dull.

That's why he returned to Nicaragua as a lieutenant in its army. The same Sandino he had chased when a marine in 1924-25 again was on the loose and Mathews, as the leader of the Nicaraguan scouts assigned to catch him, rose in rank to major. Once Sandino's forces were scattered, however, Central America held little attraction for Mathews. He returned to Detroit early in 1935 and later the same year rejoined the National Guard as a staff sergeant.

When the war in China broke out in 1937, he returned there and rejoined the Chinese Scouts as a captain. Gen. Chiang Kai-shek sought his services and appointed him military intelligence adviser on his staff.

When our entrance into the war seemed imminent, Mathews asked for a transfer to the American Army. Had he waited he undoubtedly would have been transferred in grade, but instead he got the rating of technical sergeant. He was assigned to a company composed of the remnants of the 15th Infantry that had been withdrawn from China. These Scouts were attached to the Fourteenth Air Force and worked under Gen. Chennault. Their duty was to instruct and train Chinese in the use of U. S. weapons.

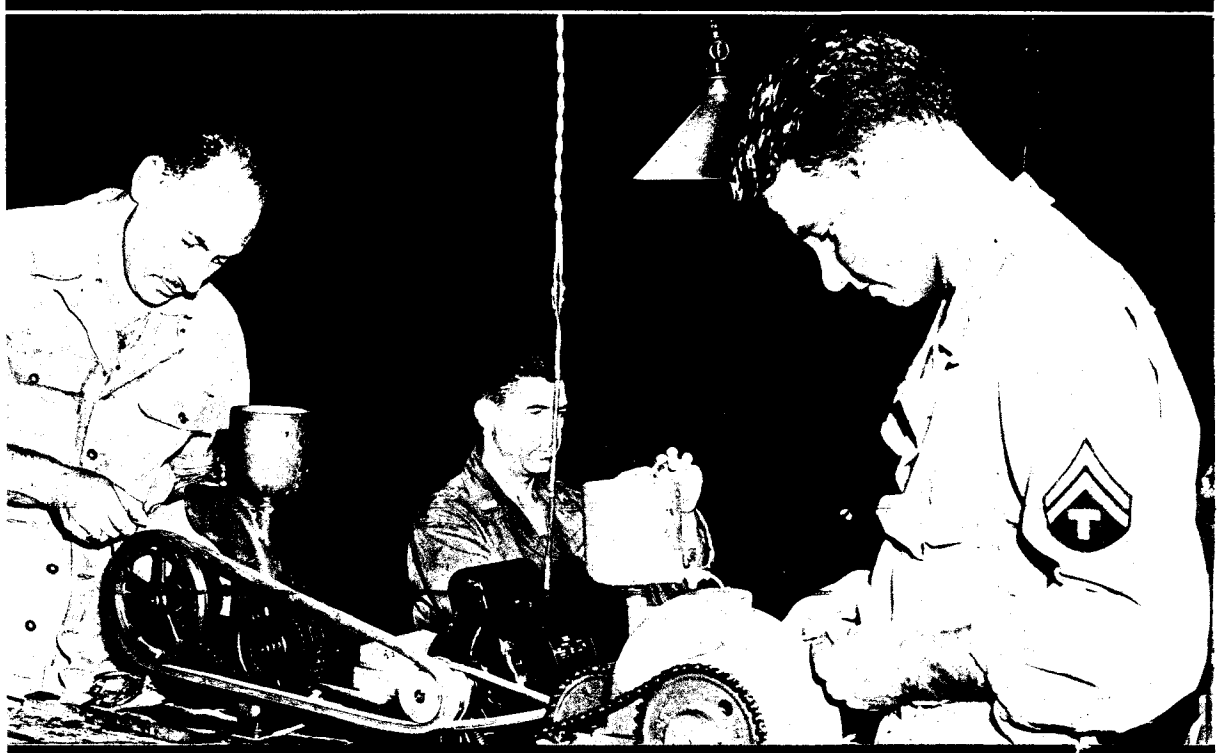
While on a training patrol with the Chinese, Mathews was hit in the right leg by nine Jap machine-gun bullets that severed one of the sensitory nerves. As a result he lost all feeling in his right leg.

Awarded the Purple Heart and the Distinguished Service Medal with two Oak Leaf Clusters Mathews was granted a medical discharge and sent home. For eight months he sought to convince the doctors he was suitable for service and, despite the fact that there is still no feeling in his right leg, he finally was allowed to enlist again as a private.

—Cpl. HERBERT L. SCHWARTZ

Pvt. Charles W. Mathews, the man of many ranks.

CAMP NEWS



Optical technicians at work. With portable units, they are equipped to repair and replace glasses in the field.

How Broken GI Glasses Are Replaced

Fort Sam Houston, Tex.—The Army is seeing to it that the GI who requires eyeglasses can always get them.

Entering the service, he starts out with two pairs of carefully fitted spectacles if examination reveals that he needs glasses. The prescription for them is made a part of his service record that accompanies him everywhere as long as he is in the Army.

Should he find himself in the heat of battle without glasses, he doesn't have to go far for assistance. Optical sections are now part of most medical-depot companies overseas.

One such unit is part of the 35th Medical Depot Company training here at Fort Sam Houston, which has been undergoing field exercises under tactical conditions on the Leon Springs Military Reservation.

The mobility that enables the unit to function anywhere from base supply depots in the rear echelons right up to the forward areas is provided through the use of an optical truck and two jeeps. The truck is equipped as an opthalmic laboratory carrying a three-month supply of materials. Each jeep is supplied with field chests containing a portable unit and materials sufficient for three days.

All lenses carried are stock lenses in finished form. The assortment has been so selected that 95 percent of all prescriptions can be filled from stock. Surface-grinding equipment is provided on the mobile truck so that stock lenses may be altered to meet accurate requirements for the remaining 5 percent.

Processing consists of checking the focus of the lenses, marking them for the cutting operation, cutting them according to the prescribed sizes and shapes, beveling the edges to fit into the frames perfectly, affixing the temples and truing up the finished spectacles.

Gripe Contest

Camp Maxey, Tex.—Contrary to Army tradition, a pet gripe earned Pvt. Alfred J. Girardot of Service Battery, 664th Field Artillery, the best wishes of his battalion commander and a three-day pass. Girardot was the winner in the 664th's Gripe Contest in which Maj. George R. Creel, the 664th's CO, was swamped with hundreds of entries complaining about everything from the lack of serving spoons in the mess hall to the omnipresent "What's the story on furloughs?" Girardot's prize-winning entry, selected by a committee of enlisted men, sharply stated:

"We hold our classes in a very pleasant woodland glade. There are no pixies present, no leprechauns, but goddamit there is plenty of poison ivy and poison oak. Why are we required to loll around in the stuff and look like a poisoned pup as a result? After all, when we wore civilian clothes we were considered equals and not ordered to subject ourselves to something both unnecessary and hazardous. Does GI clothing make us immune to infection from poisonous plant life?"

The contest, from the standpoint of the GIs at least, was well worth while. After reading and analyzing all the gripes, Maj. Creel issued the following remedial recipe in the form of orders:

Furloughs will be 10 days plus travel time.

No outdoor class will be held in an area covered with poison oak or ivy.

Immediate steps will be taken to see that serving spoons are with the food when placed on tables.

Instructions have been issued that chiefs of sections will keep "uninformed soldiers" posted on battalion objectives.

Rear guards will stop traffic when a marching column crosses the road.

The delivery of telegrams will be expedited.

Pants Away

Sedalia Air Field, Mo.—While piloting a C-47 troop-transport plane on a regular training flight, F/O Robert M. Kirby of Columbia, S. C., became warm. Aware that he was well protected from prying eyes, he took off his clothes and had a member of the crew hang them up. Unfortunately the crewman hung them right next to the plane door.

The plane's mission was dropping parapacks. Kirby ordered the doors swung open; the parapacks went out and so did Kirby's clothes.

Very embarrassed, the pilot landed his plane and sat huddled in the seat while the crew hustled around the field and got him some more clothes.

"The Face Is Familiar"

HDSF, San Francisco, Calif.—While attending special doings at the Civic Center here, T-4 Steve Sedlak of the sergeant major's office saw a former child star seated in an automobile. She had grown into quite a lady, but Steve told his friends he knew her immediately "by her dimples" and he dashed over to her car.

"Excuse me, Miss Shirley Temple," said Sedlak. "Would you please give me your autograph?"

"I'm not Shirley Temple," the young lady replied. "I'm Jane Withers."

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Grenade Grabber

Camp McCain, Miss.—"Someone had to throw the grenade out of the ditch, and since I was close to it I did my best to get rid of it." That's how 19-year-old Arthur E. Hendrix of Company B, 301st Infantry, described his action in a recent situation that endangered the lives of five other soldiers and himself.

Though small compensation for the loss of his right hand, Hendrix, then a private, is now a staff sergeant and has been recommended for the Soldier's Medal as a result of his heroism.

Describing the incident more fully, Hendrix said: "Six of us were in a ditch. We were throwing live grenades. Someone not in our ditch must have thrown a wild one because it dropped at my feet. Someone started to yell. I grabbed it quickly, but it went off in my hand."

The five soldiers who were in the ditch with Hendrix were Cpl. Austin Di Silverio of Harrisburg, Pa.; T-4 Crum Bates of Honoraville, Ala.; Pfc. James I. DiBartolo of Canton, Ohio; Pfc. Omer A. Eggeman of Seymour, Ind., and Pvt. Armen B. Tookmanian of Cleveland, Ohio. They made out affidavits describing the incident and sent them to the War Department in the hope they would bring Hendrix the Soldier's Medal.

Bird's-Eye View

Dodge City Air Field, Kans.—During a showing of "Roger Touhy, Gangster," a pigeon flew into the movie theater here and perched on top of the screen. It was at the dramatic point where Preston Foster shoots the villain, and from the audience it looked as if the pigeon was on the gangster's head. Two shots rang out and the bad man went down. At that moment the pigeon bent its head down as if to see what had happened to its perch.

The GIs in the theater roared, and this brought the house manager, T/Sgt. "Spec" Creighton, to the stage. He added to the uproar by jumping about in front of the screen and waving his long arms to shoo the bird away. Then the lights were turned on and the pigeon flew out.

"Can't understand these birds," remarked Sgt. Creighton as he wiped his brow. "The sign out front plainly reads: 'For Military Personnel Only'."

AROUND THE CAMPS

Camp Haan, Calif.—When Sgt. Louis G. Sackandy of DuBois, Pa., was inducted he admitted he had been in the restaurant business, but he told the classification interviewer that nothing would make him happier than to be assigned to the Army's K-9 Corps. As mess sergeant for the 380th Battalion, Sackandy handles dogs but not the kind he asked for.

Scott Field, Ill.—Pvt. James E. Alden was working over a list of names in the post statistics office and came upon a second Pvt. James B. Alden. A little startled to find another of the same name at this post he remarked: "To make the story good he ought to have my serial number, too." Investigation revealed that both Aldens had identical last four numbers.

Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla.—Sick call annoyed 1st Sgt. Burke of the Replacement Training Group so much that he made out a chart that he calls "Analysis of the Sick Call." The chart reveals that soldiers go on sick call after the first hike, after negotiating the infiltration course and after the hot Florida sun starts cooking. Another finding is that the most GIs get sick on Wednesday.

Woodward Air Field, Okla.—Soldiers working in the transportation office were puzzled when a smiling private reported for work and told them that his nickname, ever since he was inducted at Hartford, Conn., more than a year ago, had been "Sad." But they understood why when he signed in as Alan A. Sack.

Fort Sheridan, Ill.—Two relatives of Sgt. Alvin York, hero of the first World War, were recently inducted here—Pvt. Arthur M. York and Pvt. Hubert C. York, both of Chicago. Arthur York is a cousin of the famous Tennessee sergeant. Hubert's mother was his third cousin.

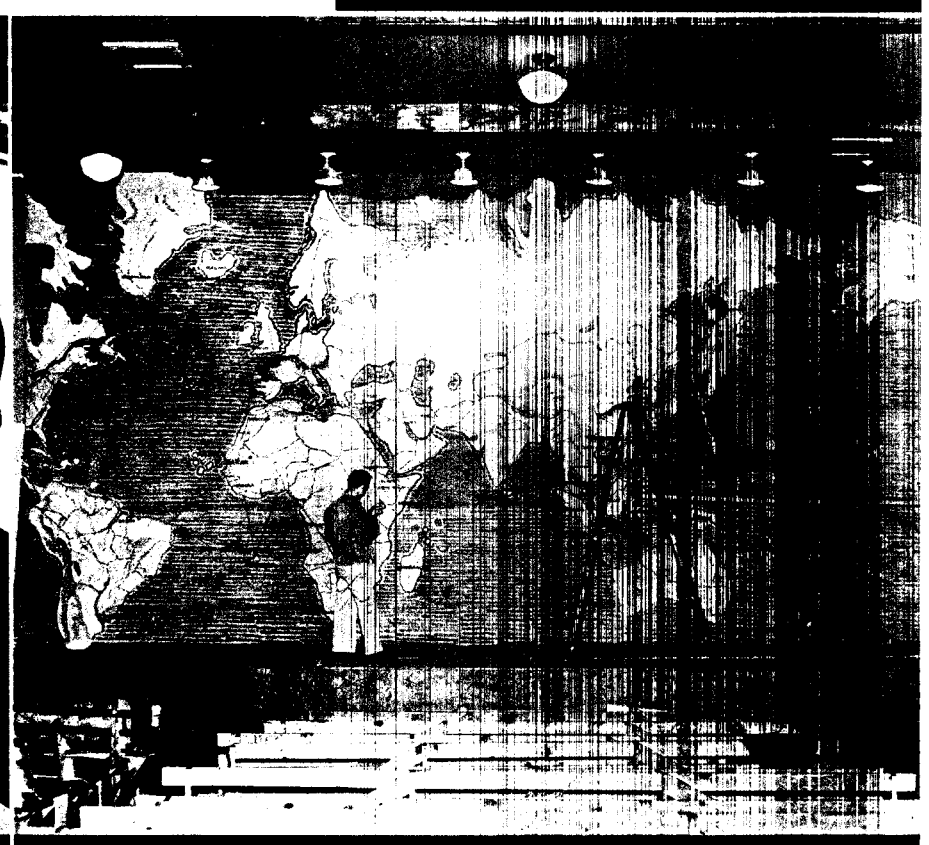
Stuttgart Air Field, Ark.—Sgt. Morris Efron, a former Broadway stage manager, spends his spare time writing short stories, which he charges his buddies to read. If they read one of his stories from beginning to end—and like it—the charge is 5 cents. If anyone doesn't like it, the reading is free but the author wants to know why his writing didn't give satisfaction. Since putting the plan into operation Efron has amassed $17.35 in 5-cent fees.

SNOW AGAIN. These GIs, exercising at Fort Logan (Colo.) convalescent center, are South Pacific veterans, more used to coconuts than snowballs.

BEAUTY TREATMENT. Home from the Caribbean, Sgt. James Michalak gets the works at AAF Redistribution Station in a hotel at Atlantic City, N. J.

PERMANENT TRIO. Sgt. Merle Curtis, Sgt. Francis Sweeney and Sgt. Vigil Asman, mechanics now at Camp Davis, N. C., were together in Hawaii, the Fiji Islands and Guadalcanal and Bougainville.

TO DUTY. T Sgt. Charles E. (Commando) Kelly won the Congressional Medal fighting in Italy and came back to an almost equally hectic bond-selling tour. Now stationed at Fort Benning (Ga.) Infantry School, a GI bunk feels good to him.



WALL WORLD. This map, used in an orientation course for student combat flye at Gowen Field, Boise, Idaho, is so large that its creators, T Sgt. George Hy and Pfc. A. Hamm, had to paint it stretched out over a theater stage in Bois

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TO J'S WIFE

He was the man you loved and my good friend
For all his faults; and now you ask
Why he should come to this quick, bitter end
While all these others live. Well, I will ask:
Why did we love him? What is it we miss?
You know the average human, it is said,
As salt and fertilizer, minerals and dross,
Is barely worth a dollar when he's dead.
Yes, you protest he was worth something more.
Imponderables? That's better; if you choose
We'll leave the facts and figures—they're a bore—
And let us speak of one imponderable
That men call honor. Now
What of the men who lose?

Here is one:
He might have lived a while, manly, without aim
(Some men do), died for no purpose
And alone, afraid, with not a friend to claim
In all the world, and not a man
Remembering to pause and bless his name.
He fell in France.
Here is another:
Give this one his virtues; he was kind,
Put a girl through college, never broke the laws,
Built a home—a nice one; and it comes to mind
That once he gave some money to a worthy cause.
Bedridden at the last and quite a bore,
But withal, to his credit, you could find
Among surviving kin at least a score
Who grieved—and wondered what he left behind.
No, I mistook; that was another,
Different sort of man. This one died at Salerno.
I rather doubt you ever knew the other
But you remember *that* affair, I know.

Their silken parachutes are shrouds enough
For these three hundred paratroops who jumped to death.
They might have died prosaically enough;
Not in the full measure of devotion quite
But from some hurried driver or a careless cook,
Ruptured blood vessels in a fit of petty spite,
A cruising microbe or a homeless germ,
A faulty scaffold or a rusty hook . . .
Thus might he have fallen who went down
The glory road and somewhere on a strip of foreign hell
[illegible] spit [illegible]
[illegible] a grimy photograph of you
Saying your name as he fell.

Some deaths mark a gain and not a loss.
He died before his time and far from home.
But do you think the sinner on the cross
Had better lived to die in bed alone?

New Guinea —Sgt. JACK CAMPBELL

MAN OF THE YEAR

And I will walk through the night unseen, unheard—walk through dark avenues where shadows dart and fade;
And I will be followed by many more walking—walking through crumbling cities, past many a gutted church and smashed facade.
Stumbling through mangled fields and shredded trees, wrapped in heavy mist, grope the forgotten and the broken.
Sing the wind and the rain, tell our lonely tale in the night, write on the scarred and tortured earth our token,
For we are the earth, we are the sand of Tarawa, the rich loam of Sorrento and the red clay of Tunisia.
We felt the cool spray on coral reefs and the hot sun of Africa's wadies, and we saw the spires of Rome come nearer.
And yet once more this earth, this loam shall feel the plowman's hand, and wheat shall rise,
And once more the builder shall touch his brick and steel, and cities shall reach the skies;
And we the shadows, who walked in the night through dark avenues broken, and forgotten, shall rise, too.
We shall enrich the wheat and our souls shall strengthen the spires and we shall encourage the true,
And we shall leave the dark mangled fields as silently as we came, past gutted churches and reddened rivers.
And where we walked the sun shall bathe many towns and fresh green fields, and we will live forever.

Columbia AAB, S. C. —Pvt. DAVIS H. MARKOE

JERSEY JILL

Someday when I gaily march back home
After dating a Samoan maid
Rich in ornaments of blue-green jade
Or a fire-blooded belle from Rome
Or a ballerina, beautiful
In her jeweled boots and ermine wraps,
Or *senora*, passionate—perhaps
Jersey Jill will seem a little dull.

Foreign janes can easily beguile
Me with colors and perfumes which drug
All my senses just like zombies, while
Jill can only cut a wicked rug,
Burn with kisses, rouge a bit; so she
May seem dull to some—but not to me!

Fort Benning, Ga. —Sgt. LEONARD SUMMERS

GENERAL MONTGOMERY

I like this man's face.
I like the laughter wrinkles from his eyes.
I like the large nose,
A good handle to his face.
Like Lincoln.

I like the firm upper lip.
The firm mouth.
The resolute chin.
The generous ears.
The deep-set eyes,
The long deep lines on cheek.
Not a smooth visage, to say the least;
Not suave, nor urbane, nor Buddha-like in calm;
But seared and marked,
And yet alight in some strange way
By a spirit born of pain,
Of defeat, disillusionment
And long effort when hope was gone
And fortitude was all.

A face human and homely.
Strong and humble.
Exacting and kind.

A face of victory,
But not of triumph personal,
For he is matched with Death.

India —S/Sgt. HUGH M. LINDSEY

TIME IS AHEAD OF THE HEART

The low clouds race the moon. . . .
A strange night,
For there is not the movement of the merest leaf
Yet to betray their silent course.
Time is ahead of the heart.

The moon takes hurried glances
Through the clouds
Whene'er they pause for breath.
Poised now,
It seems as some gigantic pendulum,
Ignores the transient notes
And holds its thunder for tomorrow.

The years become as hours.
And some of us will soon be frantic
At the narrowed circle
Which today's stern pace becomes;
And music, melody and prayer are lost
As we have only time to taste the fruit and froth.

But throw your every strength against the circle,
Leap the clouds,
Anchor in the moon
Your deep kinetic courage.
If the symphony is lost,
At least retain the chord within your soul
That what we lose will be the passing days,
And what we save against tomorrow's fantasy and fear,
The heart.

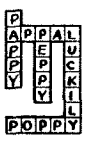
India —Cpl. WARD McCABE

Message Center

MEN who took basic training either at SEA GIRT, N. J., or FORT MONMOUTH IN MAY 1942: write S/Sgt. H. A. Berthelsen, Co. A, 801st Sig. Tng. Regt., Camp Murphy, Fla. . . . A/S DALE A. JONES, A/S JOHN KAPINSKY, Pvt. TONY TURK, once at Camp Blanding, then Miami Beach: write Pfc. Andrew R. Kurta, 215th Combat Crew Sec., AAB, PO Box 4646, Pueblo, Colo. . . . JOHNNY MOTTLEY, EDDIE STRIEL, HERB TAFT and former members of Co. L, 39TH INF.: write Lt. Ira Lewis, POW Camp, S. Camp Hood, Tex. . . . Sgt. GAETANO ANDREOZZI, formerly at Jefferson Bks.: write Cpl. Frank Mangipinto, 30th BH & AB Sq., Morris Fld., Charlotte 2, N. C. . . . A/Ss CAROL BRANDT & GEORGE BURCHILL, formerly of 28th CTD, Western Reserve U, Ohio: write Pfc. Ray Beers, 222d Inf., Co. H, APO 411, Camp Gruber, Okla. . . . T/Sgt. EDWARD L. CANNON, radio operator on B-24 in England, or anyone knowing his whereabouts: write S/Sgt. Leonard R. Cannon, 66th BH & AB Sq., Luke Field, Ariz. . . . GALABREEZIE CLAN: write Pfc. William McCord, Co. C, 65th MTB, Camp Barkeley, Tex. . . . STANDISH MILES EDSON of Norfolk, Va.: write A/C Philip Howell, Sq. 26, Santa Ana AAB, Calif. . . . JAMES E. FARRELL of Joliet, Ill., formerly in William & Mary ASTP: write Pvt. Bernard Friedman, Co. C, 4th Bn., ASF PRD, Camp Beale, Calif. . . . Lt. MICKLE GAVERITY: write Pvt. F. T. Dezelich, Base Det. No. 1, Myrtle Beach AAB, S. C. . . . ALLEN H. (RED) HARVEY of Detroit, Mich., and Danville, Ill.: write Robert I. Shirley MM3c, Co. C, Plat. 2, 31st Spec. Bn., NCTC, Davisville, R. I. . . . Lt. WILLIAM HENDRICKS, once at Kelly Field, Tex.: write Pvt. Harriet (Holly) R. Holland, 4th Hq. Co., WAC, OUTC MOP, Jackson, Miss. . . . Cpl. EDWARD A. HILL, once at Boca Raton and Fort Myers, Fla., or anyone knowing his whereabouts: write Lt. Ben. W. Hicks, 336th Bomb. Gp., RTU, Lake Charles AAF, La. . . . Pvt. RUSSELL EDWARD JONES, last heard of in Iceland: write Pvt. Warren L. Blankner, 3d Co., 1st Stu. Regt. Tng. Gp., Armored School, Fort Knox, Ky. . . . Pvt. JAMES KANE, last heard of at Camp Swift, Tex.: write Pfc. Timothy Buckley, Co. A, 3184 Sig. Serv. Bn., ASF, Camp Crowder, Mo. . . . PATRICK J. KANE, graduate of Lake View High, Chicago, Ill., June 1942: write Pfc. Peter E. Leibundguth, Sec. G, 807th AAF Base Unit, Bergstrom Fld., Austin, Tex. . . . Cpl. AL KROGER, with the Medics at Pittsburg, Calif., early in 1943: write Cpl. Milton H. Savell, Btry. C, 330 SLT. Bn. (Sem), Camp Haan, Calif. . . . BERNARD (BUNNY) LARKIN, at Camp Barkeley, summer of 1942: write S/Sgt. John T. Cragan, Co. A, ASTU 3923, Washington State College, Pullman, Wash. . . . Sgt. HAROLD L. MARSTELLAR, formerly of the 32d Pursuit Sq.: write Lt. Charles Courtney, Hq. & Hq. Sq., 359th Serv. Gp. (Sp) Pratt AAF, Kans. . . . T/Sgt. WILLIAM R. MARTIN: write Pvt. Carmel W. Tackett, 216 AAF Base Unit, Sec. D, Wendover Fld., Utah. . . . S/Sgt. MARK MUNDY, once at Fort Knox: write Lt. William A. Nurthen, Co. B, 20th AI Bn., APO 260, Camp Gordon, Ga. . . . Pvt. CLAUDE S. NOCK JR., once in Philadelphia, later at Greensboro, N. C.: write Pvt. Robert E. Philpott, Hq. Co., 1st Bn., 399th Inf., APO 447, Fort Bragg, N. C. . . . ERIC OPPENHEIM, formerly of Hq. Co., 80th Div.: write Pfc. M. Morgenstern, Co. E, 319th Inf., APO 80, Fort Dix, N. J. . . . Pvt. JIM ROBERTS, formerly of Los Angeles: write Pfc. E. T. Shwetzer, Co. F, 13th QMRTC, Camp Lee, Va. . . . S/Sgt. CORDELL SCOTT, once in 105th Observation Sq.: write Pvt. J. W. Uselton, Tng. Unit, Alexandria AAF, La. . . . Sgt. BILL STOREY, formerly of the 29th Bomb. Gp. in Boise, Idaho: write Pvt. Bill O'Connor, Sq. F, Class 44-19, Bks. 435, Tyndall Fld., Fla. . . . EDWARD THURBER, formerly of Hickam Field, Honolulu: write S/Sgt. Bill Bolger, Med. Corps, ETD, Bklyn. Air Base, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SHE was born in Denver, Colo., in 1917. She played sweet things on the screen as Jacqueline Wells until she tired of sweet things and left Hollywood. When she came back, she was Julie Bishop and played a succession of more sultry roles. With any name, she makes a good wall-brightener. She'll be in Warner's "Hollywood Canteen."

TEE-TOTAL WINNERS



OVERSEAS. William Reiter SF2c wins Tee-Total contests with monotonous regularity. This is his fourteenth victory; his solution (with a score of 434) is shown here. Puzzle kits go to these first-time winners: T/Sgt. Roland C. Waugh (428); R. Feinberg MM2c (427); Pvt. W. K. White and Sgt. David D. Brickley (tied at 426); Sgt. John P. Jones (425), and Pvt. Russell A. Robertson (422).

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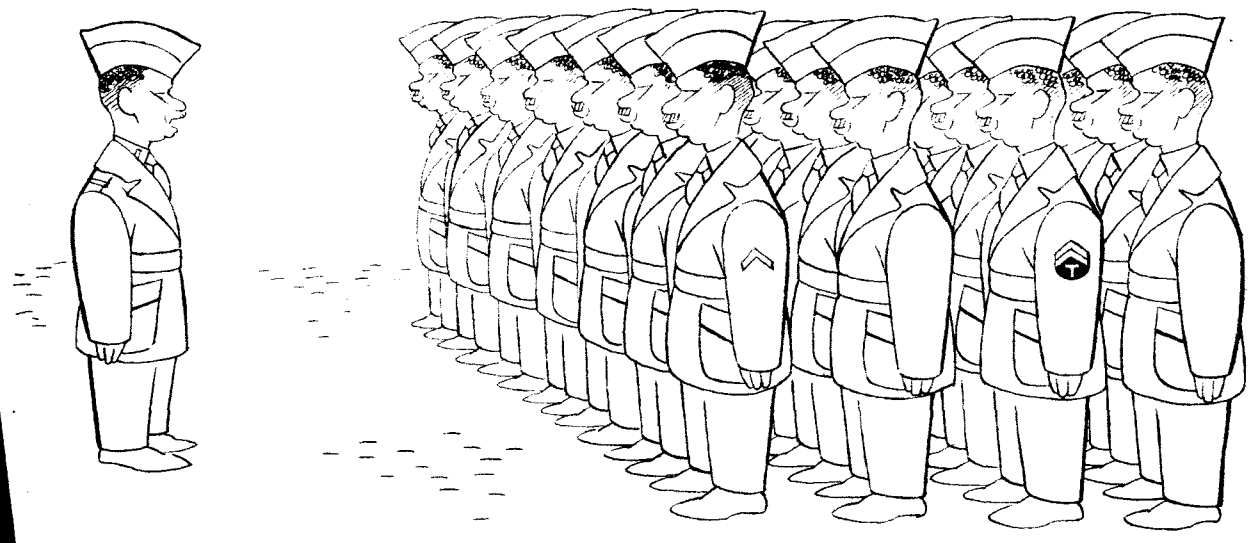

"Now we're really beginning to look like a team!" —Pvt. Al Eugster, SCPC, Long Island City, N. Y.

". . . a hot bag wrapped in a towel . . ."

A Touch of Athlete's Foot

PVT. MOE MORON, on sick call, limped into the dispensary. Cpl. A. Peecee, intently absorbed in the latest phenomenal feats of Superman, glanced up.

"I have," said Pvt. Moron, "a severe touch of athlete's foot." "One does not have athlete's foot," Cpl. Peecee pointed out authoritatively, "on one's leg." "A PT instructor," said Moe, "kicked me in the leg while we were playing football. Ain't that a touch of athlete's foot?"

"Were you kicked inadvertently?" asked the corporal. "No," said Moe, "in the leg."

"Is the pain hard to bear?" "Naah, all I have to do is raise the pants leg. See, it's all black and blue."

"From a pathological standpoint," Peecee said, "When tissues receive severe blows they turn motley colors." Pvt. Moron took a box of Kleenex he had bought at the PX, threw it on the floor and began stomping on it. "Thanks for the tip," he said. "My wife prefers colored tissues."

"If brains were a measure of wealth," expostulated Cpl. Peecee, "you'd be a pauper." "I *am* a pauper," replied Moron. "You lost all your money?" "No, my wife had a baby." "Did an officer give your wife prenatal care?" "I don't think so; the baby looks like me."

"About your leg," said the corporal, "I think I'll rub on some chloroform liniment." "Okay," said Moe, "but don't rub it too far down. You might put my foot to sleep."

"And then," said the exasperated medic, "I'll bring in a hot bag wrapped in a towel." "Good deal," cried Pvt. Moron with enthusiasm. "Is she a blonde or brunette?"

AAFBU, Inglewood, Calif. —Sgt. SHELBY FRIEDMAN

Line of Duty

THEY brought in this tech, a kid of 20, with a penetrating wound—a bayonet thrust in the right upper quadrant of the abdomen. The wound itself wasn't much to see as wounds go. It was a little ugly, though—bluish and all chewed up where some field medic tried out his book learning with a little *debridement*—that's a French word meaning to cut away the surrounding dirty skin from a wound. I usually leave that kind of stuff for the medical officers.

Well, anyway, this tech was really a very nice guy, and he tried to be stoical about the whole thing. But the tip of that bayonet penetrated the diaphragm and the pleura and nicked his right lung. A pneumothora it is called. Every time he exhaled he made a gasping snoring sound. He heard it, too, and I saw in his eyes that he thought he was going to die.

Then when we brought in an oxygen tent to ease his breathing, he seemed convinced. He was very frightened. Later, of course, he would casually show the scar and speak disparagingly of it, but when we placed that tent over his head, his eyes were filled with an anxious, despairing fear. He lay there with a dogged, shocked expression on his face and sibilant, jerky little flutings coming from his chest.

His captain, in dirty fatigues, came in after a while and said they had been on a problem during the divisional bivouac in the woods behind the camp, and this tech, in jumping a wall, had fallen on the bayonet fixed to his rifle and spitted himself. The captain, who is also a very young guy, acted the part of the grim field soldier. When he was questioned by the medical officers, his answers were very clipped and terse. Maj. Jennings, chief of surgery, looked at him mildly.

"What I don't understand, captain," Maj. Jennings said, "is how that boy stuck himself that way. If I remember correctly there is nothing in the bayonet drill that could possibly wound a man in just that way. The bayonet entered the right rib cage at the twelfth rib and traveled upward, nicking the hepatic flexure of the colon and penetrating the diaphragm, the pleura and the lung. He'll be all right, of course, but another inch over or so would make it a different story."

The captain smiled. "Sir, our patrol was on a tactical problem, and we weren't using the bayonet drill. We were simulating actual conditions. The sergeant fell on his bayonet when he leaped a stone wall. I didn't see it myself, but as a line man I can tell you those things happen when a bayonet is carelessly handled."

Maj. Jennings nodded. "I see, captain. Well, thanks a lot."

After the captain had left, the major went into the tech's room. "Come on in," he said to me, "and close the door."

I shut the door, and the major pulled open a zipper on the corner of the oxygen tent and said: "Sergeant, I want you to tell me like a good fellow just how you came to fall on your bayonet."

The tech hesitated for a moment; then, I suppose, a look at the major's face reassured him. He said: "I guess I should have told you before, sir. I was in a farmer's pear orchard, and when I jumped for a pear I accidentally came down on my bayonet."

The major smiled, zipped up the opening and went outside. In the hall he held me by the arm as we walked toward the door of the ward.

"Line soldier, my foot," he said.

Camp Atterbury, Ind. —Pfc. RAYMOND BOYLE

ORDNUNG

Blankets are folded
Just to a T,
Still reeking with sweat.
Shoes smell of old dubbing,
But tie up the laces;
The leather needs rubbing.
This fungus infection
On feet half-demolished
Will pass the inspection
In shoes that are polished.

Minds are conditioned
Just to a T.
They're reeking with hate
And the smell of old bias.
But lace up your thoughts,
Praise the strong and the pious!
With brains half-demolished
By morbid routine,
They'll pass for good soldiers
(Till peace strips them clean).

Fort Bliss, Tex. —Pvt. THOMAS LANGNER

LADIES OR SOLDIERS?

Here is a problem that's bound to tax
Minds of officers and of Wacs—
Shall the last come first or the first come last?
Shall he stand aside till the lady's passed
Or march, as an officer should do, well
In advance of enlisted personnel?
The second lieutenant goes ahead,
The colonel bows—she precedes instead;
Or both of them wait till it's now or never
And end in a knot that is hard to sever!
Confusion like this there is none much completer;
It's plain that he doesn't know quite how to treat her.
He wonders, in spite of the bars on his blouse,
Is he officer, gentleman, just man or mouse?

Washington, D. C. —Sgt. MARGARET JANE TAGGS

"It's a present from George. He says it's like those 'his' and 'hers' towels." —Cpl. Floyd J. Torbert, Camp Crowder, Mo.

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Manager Luke Sewell does a bit of umpire jockeying from the dugout.

SPORTS: DON'T SELL THE BROWNIES SHORT AGAINST THE CARDS

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

IF the St. Louis Browns come dashing down the home stretch with the American League pennant fluttering from Mr. James Luther Sewell's hand, don't make the mistake of selling them short against the Cardinals in the World Series. The Brownies have a hunk of wartime strength that may surprise.

Consider these facts:

No team, or combination of teams, has been able to slap more than three straight defeats on the Browns. Every time they have been seriously challenged for the lead, they rapped the opposition smartly on the knuckles and bounced back with an eight-game winning streak. Against the pitching-powerful Tigers they have won 11 out of 14 games.

These facts become even more imposing when you consider that the Browns have faced fiercer, tougher competition in the American League than the Cardinals have belabored in the National. The Cards, for example, could never spread-eagle the American League with anything like their present 17-game lead. There's too much good pitching in the American League to let a thing like that happen. Even the humble Athletics are tough any time they spring Newsom, Flores or Black at the enemy.

The statistical nuts will probably make out a strong case against the Brownies when the series rolls around. Usually these fugitives from a decimal point get their best mileage from batting and fielding averages, which fortunately never seem to prove much and more often than not are confusing. You will probably hear that the Browns never scaled higher than sixth in team batting, or higher than fifth in team fielding, and that the club has only two .300 sluggers. The pay-off on all of this, of course, lies in the indisputable fact that the Brownies are comfortably lodged in first place. What the Browns lack in fat batting averages or dazzling fielding records they more than compensate with up-to-the-hilt playing, dangerous clutch hitting and a deep and abiding faith in a nice guy named Sewell.

PROBABLY the most amazing thing about the miracle Browns is Mr. Sewell himself. He has gathered together a group of aggressive cast-offs and lashed them into semblance of a solid ball club. The experts didn't give him a ghost of a chance of overpowering the Yankees at the beginning of the season. Even fat Mr. Joe McCarthy said the Chicago White Sox and not the Browns were the team to fear.

Mr. Sewell's slickest operator is Vernon Stephens, a loose, gangling shortstop and one of the few products of the Browns' farm system. Currently Stephens is leading the league in runs batted in and is hitting over .300. Without wincing either to the right or left, Mr. Sewell says he would rather have Stephens on his club than Marty Marion of the Cards. But nobody else shares his sentiments.

George McQuinn, who was traded away by the Yankees during the Gehrig era, is a deft hand around first base and shapes up as a better defensive fielder than Ray Sanders of the Cardinals. Sanders, on the other hand, is a stronger hitter. Don Gutteridge, the second baseman, was given up by the Cardinals and shipped to Sacramento where the Browns rescued him. In a show-down with Emil Verban, the Cards' rookie, Gutteridge emerges as the more aggressive and a heavier hitter. Verban is the surer fielder. It's a stand-off at third base between Mark Christman, a Tiger discard, and Whitey Kurowski.

Mr. Sewell's outfielders are plentiful, which means he can juggle them as often as he pleases to get the maximum mileage from them. Mike Kreevich, fired by both the White Sox and Athletics, has developed into a dependable centerfielder under Sewell and rates about even with Cardinal Johnny Hopp. Gene Moore and Chet Laabs, who alternate in left field, were shrugged off by the Tigers and Senators respectively. Neither of them measures up to the super structure of Stan Musial, but then how many ball players do? The two alternates in right field, Al (Make Mine) Zarilla and Milt Byrnes, are newcomers and seem to be more than a match for Danny Litwhiler, himself only a Phillie refugee.

The Browns haven't an outstanding catcher, so this edge goes to the Cardinals who are well healed with a couple of rare peacetime specimens named Walker Cooper and Ken O'Dea. Mr. Sewell is depending on Frank Mancuso, a CDD from the paratroops, and Myron Hayworth, a rookie. They make mistakes but they also hustle.

When we last stole a look at the records, the Browns were getting good pitching from Bob Muncrief (12-6), Nelson Potter (10-5), Jack Kramer (11-10), Jack Jakucki (9-6), George Caster (5-3), Denny Galehouse (5-3), Al Hollingsworth (5-6) and Tex Shirley (4-3). Nobody knows how they will stack up with the famed Coopers, Laniers and Wilks, but when Mr. Sewell discusses their merits he has a wicked wink in his eye. He thinks they are capable of throwing shut-outs at anybody—including the Cardinals.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

Pvt. Danno O'Mahoney, the former heavyweight wrestling champ, failed to impress at least one GI at Camp Barkeley, Tex. This guy made the mistake of hitting Danno in the face. So Danno broke his nose, blackened both eyes, then flattened the MP who tried to stop the fight. . . . **Cpl. Billy Conn** is telling the boys in the ETO that **Joe Louis** was lucky to beat him and that he will box Joe's ears off the next time they fight. "Louis couldn't hit me with a solid punch if I didn't want him to," Conn said. . . . **Pvt. Jim Ferrier,** the Aussie golf champion, is stationed at Camp Roberts, Calif., where he recently busted the course record with a sizzling 32-29-61. The old record was 65. . . . According to **Cox. Lew Jenkins,** the mosquitoes on the Normandy beach were so fierce that he needed a blood transfusion when he got back to England. . . . **M/Sgt. Zeke Bonura** wants to bring a GI baseball team from Africa to the states for a bond-selling tour. . . . **Lt. Larry French,** who saw action on D Day with the Navy, is back home. *Killed in action:* **Lt. Kenneth Cotton,** former California football star, in the battle of the Philippine Sea: **Pvt. Vince Kozak,** heavyweight boxing champ of the Army in the ETO, in the Normandy fighting; **Sgt. Robert Smidl,** National junior tennis doubles co-champion, in the Normandy fighting. . . . *Wounded in action:* **Lt. (jg) Paul Lillis,** captain and tackle on the 1941 Notre Dame football team, in the invasion of the Admiralty Islands. . . . *Appointed:* **Bill Atwood,** one-time Phillies catcher, as a flight officer and service pilot in the ATC. . . . *Discharged:* **J. Gilbert Hall,** veteran tennis player, from the Army because of over-age (he's 46) . . . . *Ordered for induction:* Pitcher **Tex Hughson** and catchers **Hal Wagner** and **Bill Conroy,** all of the Red Sox, by the Navy. . . . *Reclassified 1-A:* Second baseman **Bobby Doerr,** center fielder **Leon Culberson** and catcher **Roy Partee** of the Red Sox.

CHAMP AT WORK. Gus Lesnevich CM1c, light-heavyweight champ, checks his boxing equipment at Manhattan Barracks, N. Y., where he is boxing director of the Coast Guard Port Security Command.

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"MUST BE ONE OF THOSE NEW FLIGHT NURSES THAT WERE JUST TRANSFERRED HERE."
—M/Sgt. Ted Miller

"—AND WE SHOULD DO IT THIS MONTH BECAUSE SOON WE SHALL HAVE TO CONTEND WITH THE ADVERSE WEATHER CONDITIONS OF WINTER."
—Pvt. Thomas Flannery

"THERE GOES BOTTLEBY POLISHING THE OLD APPLE AGAIN."
—Sgt. Al Melinger

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"FOR MOTHER'S SAKE, DAD, TRY TO BEHAVE ASHORE."
—Cpl. Ernest Maxwell

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